

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 795

Week Ending
JUNE 16, 1934

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

JOE THROWS DOWN HIS CRUTCHES

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MYSTERIES

THE MARVELLOUS POWER OF A BLOODHOUND

A Dramatic Page of Nature's
Book Opened on Sussex Downs

A DOG AND ITS SECRET

There was a great adventure on the Sussex Downs not long ago, when a hunted criminal, after days of vain searching, was found at once by the work of bloodhounds.

Of all the wonders which Nature keeps for our surprise none is more astonishing or less to be explained than the power which is given to the dog to follow a scent.

A bloodhound is presented with some article of clothing worn by a person or even with something the person has handled, and, having sniffed at it, the dog will follow unfailingly in that person's track.

Over Hill and Dale

Blind to any distraction and deaf to attempts to call him off the hound will go through field and wood, over hill and dale, and with no more than a pause to pick up the interrupted trail he will cross streams to find his quarry. He follows the scent; and though a score of other persons may have crossed the track and unnumbered other scents conflict with the one he seeks, he seldom or never loses it.

In an inhabited countryside the most skilful of Indian trackers would be at a loss. Ordinary people who have not the tracker's lore in noting a footprint, or broken twigs, or trodden-down grass, can do no better than scour a neighbourhood in great numbers, hoping that in the comb of their advance they may catch the person they seek. But all these, whether they go in battalions or as single spies, must trust to their eyesight even if they have the assistance of a scouting aeroplane. The dog, following his nose, beats them all.

The Bloodhound and the Deer

The bloodhound's sense of smell is miraculous even among other dogs, or when compared with that of deer. It is well known that the deer can never be stalked down wind, because even at a distance of hundreds of yards he will scent his pursuer. Like the deer, the bloodhound has a large moist nose surface. On this surface the currents of air carry what we must believe to be the immeasurably small particles of scent emanating from materials. It is known, of course, that when we smell a rose we take away a speck of it, and so it is with the scent the bloodhound takes; it carries away tiny particles of the actual cause of the scent.

All materials with any scent whatever throw out these particles, though they may be not much larger than mole-

On the Way To Runnymede



Dancers in the Runnymede Pageant which is taking place near Egham this week

cules. It is the only explanation possible. When the cathedral of Saint Sofia was built many centuries ago musk was mixed with the mortar of two of its pillars, and the scent is said to linger still. All the molecules have not yet been dissipated, though musk itself has vanished from every garden in the world.

This will explain the continuance of the scent of a man's body in anything that has come into contact with it for several days. What remains to be explained is the bloodhound's power of discriminating between this scent and others mingled with it.

It is a faculty not shared equally even among dogs, though among all these small is the sense on which trained foxhounds follow the fox, nose to the ground, and would not follow him at all if they only sighted him. But there are many days in winter when scent fails owing to conditions of the atmosphere about which no one is in agreement. Then (though unfortunately, it

does not happen often enough) the hunt has to be called off.

The foxhound, selected by heredity and trained by companionship, has something of the bloodhound faculty. But the bloodhound far surpasses him, and we can only suppose that it is some hereditary streak in composition which gives him this power. He can do what no other creature seems able to do.

THE PEARL NECKLACE

If ever a lady deserved her string of pearls she is Mrs Fielding of Blackpool.

An erect little figure in a neat brown overall, white hair curling round her rosy cheeks, she stands by her oyster stall for hours on end. All her life she has been opening oysters, and now and again down the years she has found a pearl. Mrs Fielding has kept carefully these precious rewards won from her daily work, and now she is going to have them made into a necklace. She has certainly earned it.

NEW TRAINS

WHAT TWO CLEVER MEN HAVE DONE

Russia Experiments With
Railways of the Future

AERO AND BALL-BEARING

Two clever Russian engineers have devised new trains.

Waldner has invented what is called the Aero-Train and Yarmolchuk the Ball-Bearing Train.

Waldner's aero-train runs on an elevated single-rail track and is designed in the form of Zeppelin-shaped cars linked together by a rigid steel frame and extending over both sides of the single-rail track. It has two engines of 1000 horse-power and aeroplane propellers and will seat 300 passengers.

The train has a single row of wheels between the cars. Equilibrium is maintained by an arrangement of runners fitting between the inner side of each car and the concrete framework supporting the rail.

Independent of the Weather

The first experimental line will be built in Turkmenistan in Central Asia, where the mountainous nature of some sections and the deserts make the operation of ordinary railways difficult. Aero-lines, being independent of meteorological conditions, may play an important part in the development of transportation in these regions.

Yarmolchuk's invention is also interesting. Just in the same way that a bicycle maintains equilibrium in a single line, so the ball-bearing train runs uprightly in a groove.

The cars are streamlined in form, and run on motorised ball-bearings in a grooved concrete track. Each car rides on two large motorised balls 12 feet in diameter. On the axle of each ball is suspended a powerful but compact motor.

The motors remain stationary, but operate on the axle, thus revolving the balls, which propel the train with a minimum of lost power.

More Than 150 Miles an Hour

The balls are almost as high as the cars in which they are placed, thus giving the train a low centre of gravity. Each unit of the train has its own means of propulsion. Each car is to be 120 feet long and will accommodate 110 passengers.

When moving in the groove the cars are absolutely steady and maintain a stable equilibrium both when travelling in a straight line or taking curves.

The train can attain a speed of more than 150 miles an hour with the same amount of current consumed by an ordinary electric train. Transport reform is clearly in its infancy. We ourselves invented the locomotive, but we do not appear to be maintaining the lead in locomotive matters.

JOE THROWS DOWN HIS CRUTCHES

THE LITTLE QUAKER SHOEMAKER

Gallant Fellow of the Noble Order of Cobblers

HOW HE LIVED IN THE WORLD AND HOW HE LEFT IT

Joseph James Clark was a cobbler who could only move painfully about on crutches, and he died a little while ago at Dover at the age of 56. But to say this tells you little about the life of Joe, as everyone called him.

Operations when he was a child had made both his legs useless, and he could only earn a scanty living by cobbling.

But cobbling seems to breed a race of thinkers, and Joe's original mind had much to occupy it, especially when work was slack. In his weakness and pain he questioned the whole reason for living, and there seemed to him no room for a loving God in this Universe.

Thinking and Watching

But he went on thinking and watching other people, and began to feel that, after all, he was not quite right. He received kindnesses, and he found himself all the time wanting to be kind himself, and it seemed to him that there must be something of God within others and that this longing to love came from the Spirit of God in his own soul.

Eventually he became a member of the Society of Friends, one of whose great beliefs is that God is within us, within every human being.

About this time Joe's mother, who had looked after him, died, and one of those humble saints, another poor mother of a large family, added the cripple to her household. It was a family in which there was often much want, but from the time Joe entered the home things seemed to be better and brighter. The family found that they had entertained an angel unawares.

The Family Friend

This guardian angel, though so handicapped by being a cripple, amused the children, helped the mother, mended the family shoes, and developed a wonderful power of soothing one of the girls, who was an epileptic. In their discouragements and need it was to Joe they all turned for strength and comfort.

Then he sought a bigger family to help as well, although by this time he had become clerk of the little Quaker meeting. He started a club for boys, and became its very life. He was also a leading member of the Adult School for men and women, where, with his original and seeking mind, he continually helped others in their search for Truth.

In all these activities he was greatly helped by a wheeled chair which friends had given him and in which he was able to move from place to place.

The Great Physician

The end found him in harness, as he would have wished, wrote one of his friends. At the close of an Adult School lesson on Lord Lister Joe had spoken earnestly of the need of healing for mind and spirit as well as body, and of the Great Physician of Souls. A few minutes afterwards he collapsed in his seat, and before a doctor could arrive the strong soul had broken through the clay-shuttered doors of its earthly dwelling and was free. It was the boys of his club who performed the last simple offices for their leader and friend.

The simple memorial service at the Quaker Meeting House at Dover was filled to overflowing with the friends, young and old (especially the young), of the little Quaker shoemaker; but through their sorrow there shone beyond all else that thankfulness for that Spirit of God which they had all been allowed to see in one who was certainly not the least of the Noble Order of Cobblers.

PUT THE SLUM INTO THE PARK

AND THE PARK INTO THE SLUM

Two New Ideas in the Great Building Schemes

THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY

When the Park is next door to the Slum why not build gloriously on the parkland, empty the Slum into the new dwellings, and make a new Park where once stood the Slum?

It sounds so good that we are not surprised that the Housing Committee of the London County Council are said to be considering it seriously.

There is the question of the trees which stand in the parks, but the old trees can be preserved in the new thoroughfares to add to their health and beauty, while the new parks could be planted with thorns and crabs and laburnums as well as limes and green and copper beeches and other stars of the sylvan world.

Bigger Parks

A number of the London parks adjoin overcrowded areas, and a determined application of the principle of transfer would solve many housing problems.

If London built artistic popular flats on the model of those in Vienna and Milan, surrounding ample courtyards, they would house slum populations in smaller areas than the slum-dwellers now occupy. So we could, after the transfers, make bigger parks.

Such a process, combined with the ordered formation of new open spaces in the outer belt, might quickly restore conditions of health to London.

In a great country such as ours those in authority have the lives of millions entrusted to their care. There is so much to do. When, oh when, will it be done? In ten years a child becomes an adult; what we do today decides the future of the race. Many things may be doubtful, but one thing is certain:

It is good to turn the Slum into the Park and the Park into the Slum.

Astonishing New Schemes

But this is only one of two astonishing new schemes now being considered by the Housing Committee of the L.C.C. and by the Ministry of Health. If they come into effect many acres of slums will quickly disappear and thousands of families will be provided with healthy homes surrounded by gardens.

The Ministry of Health scheme proposes to put up great blocks of flats and to solve the problem of accommodation during building by throwing the first sections of the blocks across the roadway of slum streets while their future tenants remain in their dwellings on either side.

Steel columns to support the sections would be erected along the pavements, and the base of the blocks would be left in skeleton form, leaving room for traffic. As the sections would only take three months to build the tenants would suffer little inconvenience, and as soon as they moved in the old slum property would be pulled down.

Great Blocks of Flats

The blocks of flats have been designed by an English and a French architect. Much of the work of construction will be done in factories. Large concrete wall panels, framework, flooring, staircases, doors, windows, and fittings will be prepared beforehand. Huge blocks, twelve storeys high, holding 1500 people, may be completed in twelve months. Each block will be fitted with four great lifts to run at certain times like buses.

One of the greatest advantages of replacing the two-storey houses with ten-storey blocks is that ample open space would be left over. Even in the most overcrowded areas the flats would only take up a fifth of the site, so that a new open space would be left for gardens, roads, and playing-fields.

WATERLOO

THE BATTLE GOES ON

A New Step in the Ten Years War

LET THE THAMES UNITE LONDON

A new step has been taken in the Ten Years War of Waterloo Bridge.

Parliament having declined for the second time in two years to assist those who would sweep it away, the Highways Committee of the L.C.C., subject to the agreement of the Finance Committee, has recommended the destruction of the existing bridge and the building of a new one at the cost of the London rate-payers. The arguments about the bridge have been stated so often in these years of obstruction, ill-temper, and long delay that they hardly need repetition now.

A Sorry Sight

On the one hand are the clamourers for a bridge with widened arches and capable of carrying six lines of traffic; on the other hand are those who point out that six lines of traffic would further congest an already congested Strand at Wellington Street, and that the arches of the bridge are of no greater obstruction to river traffic than other bridges. Meanwhile old Waterloo Bridge crouches in its crutches over the Thames with no one willing to prevent it from slipping any farther. It is a sorry sight.

But the case for keeping Waterloo Bridge and setting it on its legs again does not rest on sentiment or on a sense of beauty alone. It is the one bridge in Central London that has any beauty; but if that were all, and its beauty were an obstruction, it would have to go as Temple Bar had to go from Fleet Street, removed by the City Fathers who preferred to lose it rather than set back the frontage of the Law Courts.

Intolerable Delay

The one overpowering reason against the policy of removal is that it means a continuance of intolerable delay and the interposition of an obstacle to the development of the south bank of the river between Waterloo and Westminster. There will perhaps be delay of another kind also, because if the L.C.C. persist in their project of building a new bridge they may have to obtain the consent of Parliament to a proposal opposed to its twice-expressed view, and the Thames would be materially blocked during the demolition.

Even these objections might be set aside or lessened, but one other is irremovable. Persistence in building a new bridge will give a new lease of life to the existing river front between the bridge and Charing Cross, and to the poverty-stricken area behind. The most pressing need of London now is a new bridge at Charing Cross, which is essential both for the development of the Surrey side and as a highway for road traffic between South and North London.

The Charing Cross Disgrace

This project will be greatly hampered by the development of Waterloo instead of Charing Cross; and the hideousness which now disgraces Charing Cross will be imposed on London for perhaps another generation, if we may judge by the delay over Waterloo.

The party in the L.C.C. which desires to destroy Waterloo Bridge is hardening its heart by speaking of a progressive policy, but true progressiveness would be to frame a worthy wide-extending plan for rebuilding the whole Surrey side and furnishing such a road across the Thames at Charing Cross that the river, instead of being the boundary of London to the north, would be in the middle of a London united north and south. A noble city that would be, with the Thames running through it and glorious streets on both its banks, with Central London reaching to the Oval on the south and to the Marble Arch on the north.

If the L.C.C. will set this plan going it will be progressive indeed.

NATURE STEPS IN WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE CROPS?

The Great Drought and the World's Food Supply

DISASTER FACING NORTHERN LANDS

Seldom has England experienced a more beautiful May than last month.

The glory of the flowering trees and shrubs seems to have exceeded that of previous years, yet there has been great anxiety among those responsible for water supply in south-east England, for last month was marked by the seventh absolute drought over a period of 12 months, the average rainfall in England and Wales for May being very much below the normal.

During the last 12 months Kew has had a shortage of 37 per cent, and instead of over 1000 million gallons of water passing over Teddington Weir 400 million gallons was the average for May. Unless rain comes soon the outlook will be very serious for the gardener and the farmer, and in many places for the cattle and human beings.

It is not in England only that drought is menacing the farmer. Over the whole of the Northern Hemisphere the grain lands have been seriously injured owing to the lack of rain. Twenty-one States of America have suffered severely, crops being destroyed and cattle dying.

The Folly of Mankind

In five of the States rainfall has never reached so low a figure since records have been taken, and five important grain-producing States are fated to lose half their normal crops.

The irony of this serious situation is that the American Government has been compelling the farmers to restrict their wheat production with a view to raising its price in the markets of the world. Nature is bringing about the scarcity so desired by the rulers of America, who will now have to reverse their policy and will have to vote sums for the relief of sufferers from this unexpected calamity.

Was ever so dire an example of the folly of men in trying to restrict the abundance of the Earth?

Large areas in Canada are afflicted in the same way. It is estimated that an area like Saskatchewan can only produce 4,000,000 bushels of wheat this year instead of its normal 44,000,000. The harvest in Canada will be the smallest since the war. In Russia, too, the winter wheat crop has so perished that the Russian Government has raised the price of bread and has taken steps to import wheat from both Argentina and Australia.

THINGS SAID

I wish women had the Disarmament Conference in their hands. Lady Simon

There are 100,000 people living in basement dwellings in London.

Sir Percy Alden

I would rather we lost the Walker Cup every time than that eight men should do nothing but golf. Lord Cavan

The Children's Newspaper ought to be in every Christian home.

Rev A. Ashton of Alfreton

English literature is in my opinion the greatest of all literatures.

The Belgian Ambassador

A porpoise in captivity never rests. One in Brighton Aquarium never stopped in an 8000-mile swim. Mr E. G. Boulenger

We have lost a beautiful name for Cow Parsley, which across the Atlantic is still called Queen Anne's Lace.

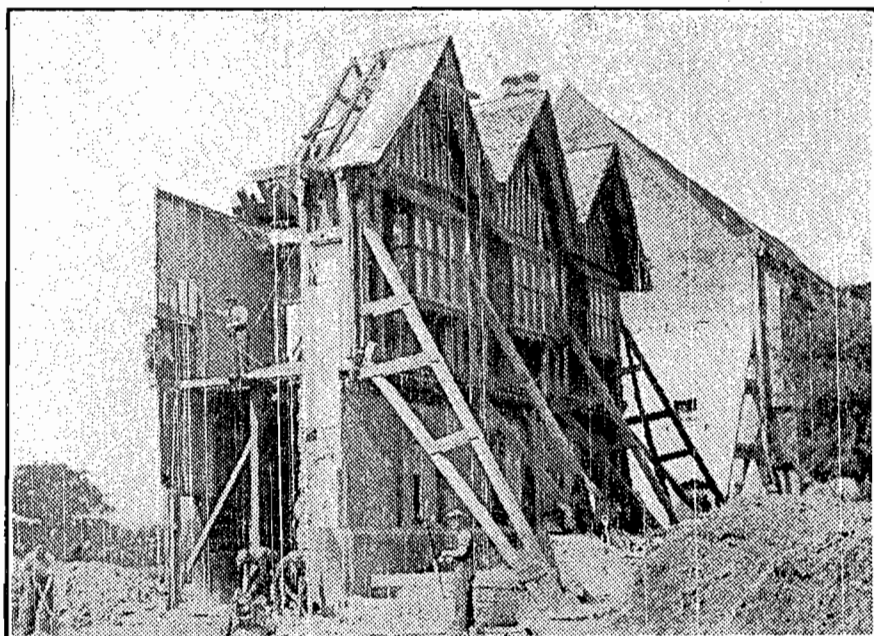
Mr Reginald Morgan-Smith

June 16, 1934

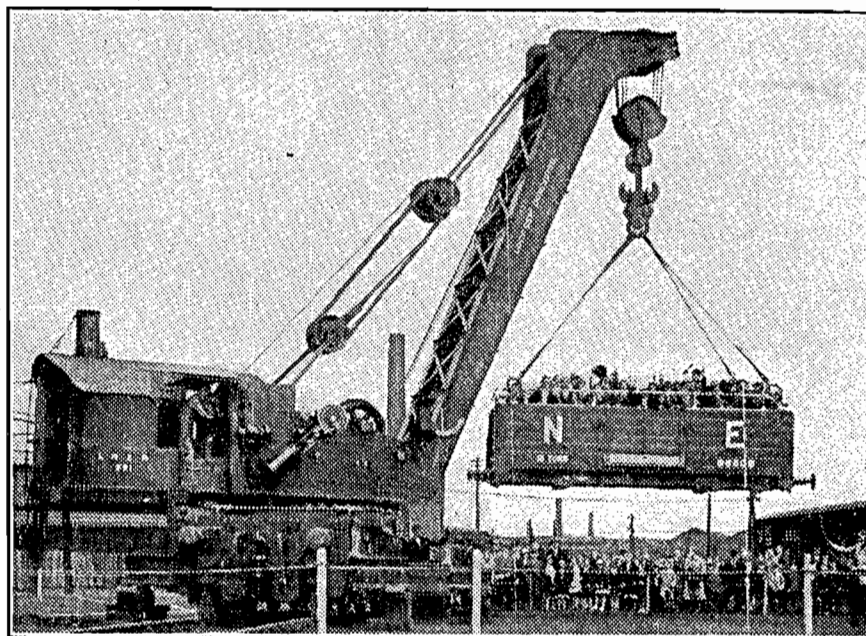
The Children's Newspaper

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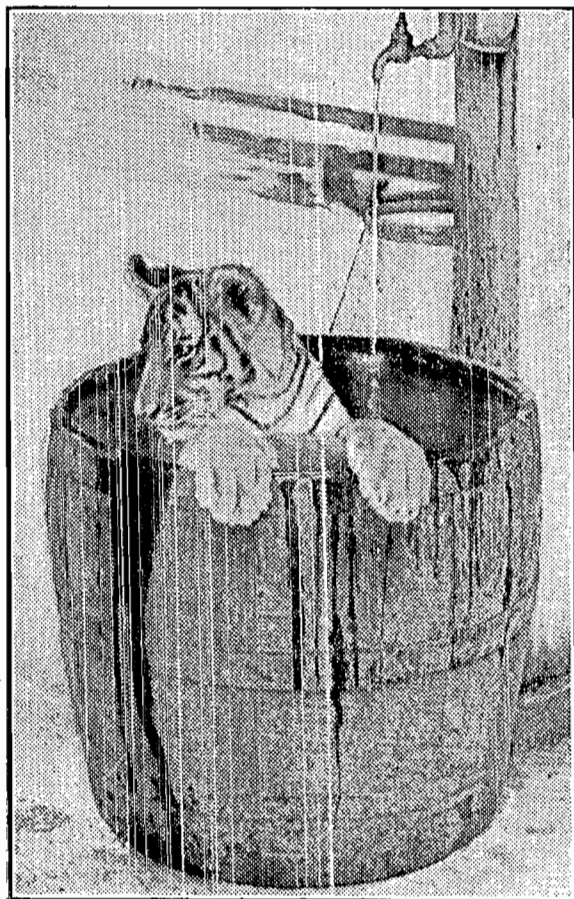
TIGER CUB'S BATH · LADY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE · CRANE ROUNDABOUT



Old and New—A new house is being built behind this Tudor front at Eltham Palace. Mr Stephen Courtauld has bought the palace and is to live there.



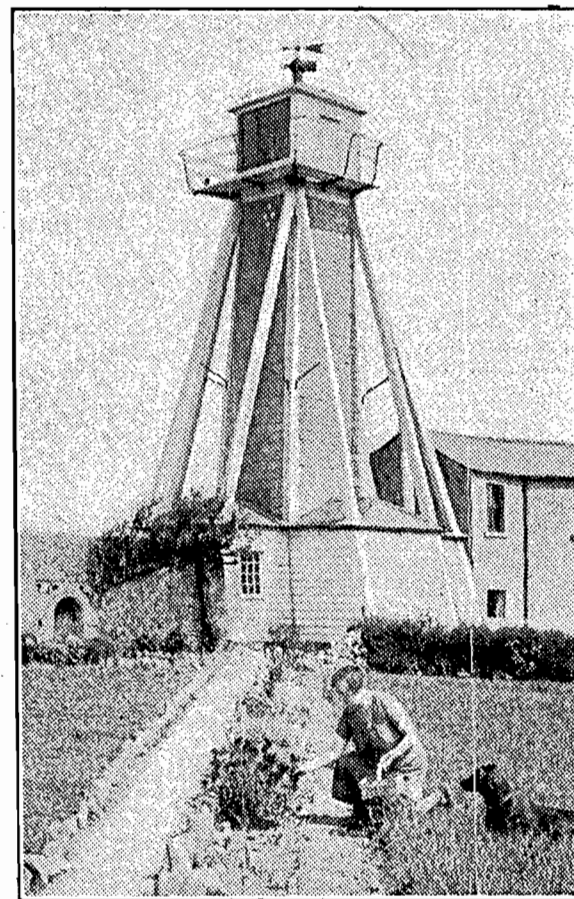
A Novel Roundabout—Visitors to the Railway Exhibition at Doncaster enjoyed a ride in a railway truck as it was hoisted and swung round by a breakdown crane.



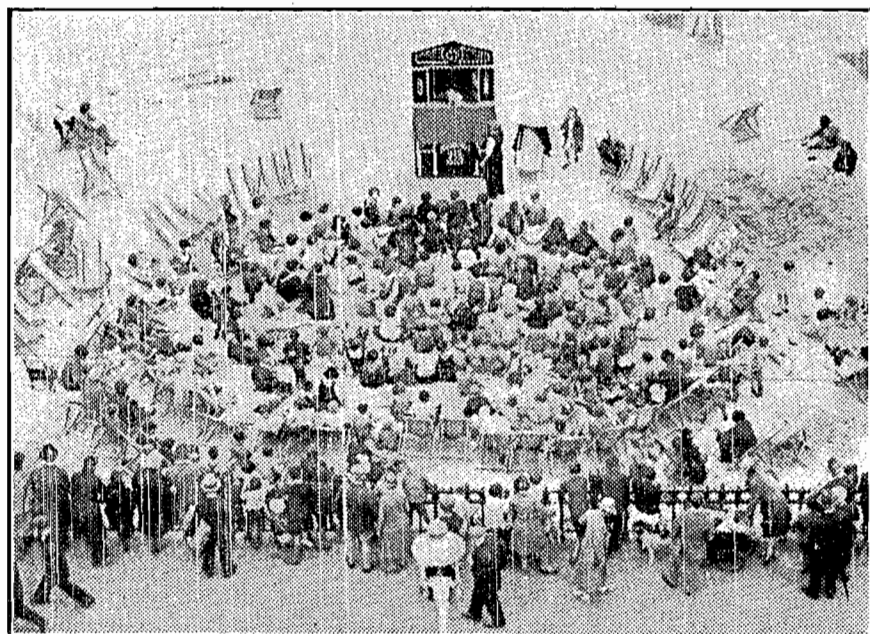
Keeping Cool—A C.N. reader sends us this picture of a tame tiger cub in Malaya, which climbs into a tub of water in order to keep cool in hot weather.



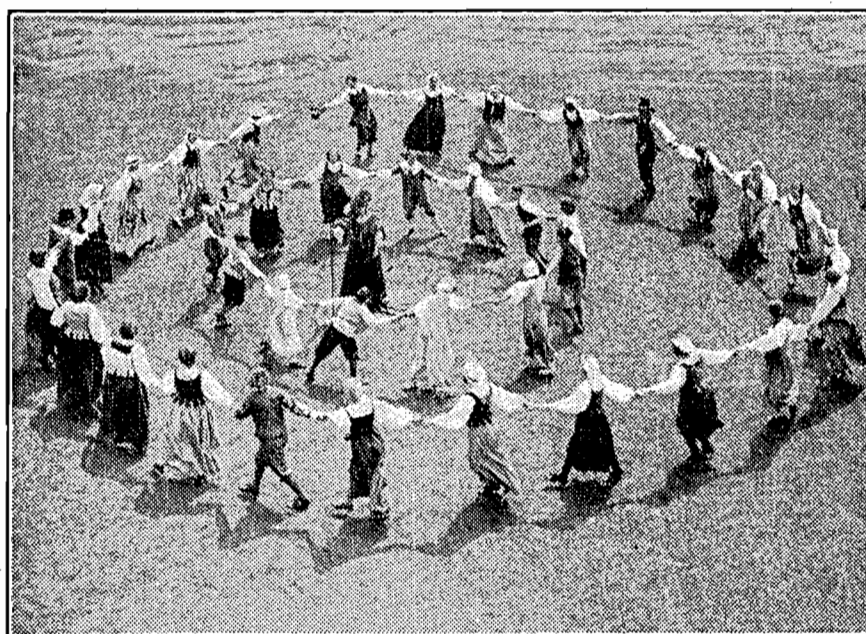
Feeding-Time—Girls at Whipnade who found their car with its open sunshine roof a useful vantage point from which to feed the ostrich.



The Lady of the Lighthouse—Miss Janet Raby, keeper of the lonely lighthouse which guides the River Lune shipping at Morecambe Bay, working in her garden.



Punch and Judy—Is there any entertainment more popular with children than the Punch and Judy show? This peep at holidaymakers at Margate seems to supply the answer.



Merrie England—A scene in the Runnymede Pageant, showing villagers of Stuart days dancing on the green. This historical spectacle is being performed this week.

THE PAGEANT MAN

FRANK LASCELLES LEAVES THE STAGE

Maker of Great Scenes and
Lover of Great Things

HIS LITTLE ARAB STEEDS

Who can measure the goodwill, understanding, and friendship set in motion all over the world by that master of pageantry Frank Lascelles, who has left us, worn out with all his working and dreaming, at 58?

He it was who, at the opening of the first Union Parliament of South Africa, staged the Cape Town Pageant. He was warned that he could not do it, that British and Boer would not combine in this way; but he not only persuaded them to join but he persuaded Hottentots and Zulus and Portuguese and Basutos too; and the Basutos made him a Chief and named him Rakalele, the Father of Wonderful Thoughts.

The Man of Resource

Another of his pageants was at Quebec to celebrate Canada's third centenary, when Red Indians of the Iroquois tribes came to raise their old war cries at our pageant man's behest. They, too, proclaimed him Chief with the name of Tehonikonraka, the Man of Infinite Resource.

Such names were instinct with insight into the nature of his work. There was a magnetism of personal persuasiveness and gentle appeal about him which was irresistible, and no crowd was too big for him to handle or too varied for him to set to work together in happy concord, as was seen when, at the Durbar Coronation in 1912, he persuaded a hundred races of India to join as one man in revealing the past and present glories of their land.

At Sibford Gower

It was after the Coronation Pageant in London in 1911 that he was presented with the two Arab ponies which had taken part in the performance, whose thoroughbred offspring are still to be seen in the meadows by his old Oxfordshire home at Sibford Gower, the old house where he would ask us to go again and again, but which we were always too busy, alas! to see till now it is too late—for what will Sibford Gower be without him? It was a familiar sight to meet these Arab ponies driven at top speed from Banbury Station, their long tails touching the ground, their master hatless at the reins. At times the phaeton would be packed with laughing children, or it may have been taking an invalid for a drive.

When the Dominions wished to be well staged at Wembley it was natural that they should turn to Mr Lascelles, and for months he worked night and day, visiting various countries himself to get the details. Many will remember his local pageants at Bradford, Oxford, Carlisle, Bristol, and the Potteries. None was too small, none too great for him, even to 300,000 performers.

Sculptor and Painter

His village saw another side of this master of pageants, who was also sculptor and painter. Modest and simple, he was ever ready to cooperate warmly in its life. During Wembley, no matter how late the performance on Saturday night, he would make the journey home to Sibford Gower and read the Lessons in church on Sunday morning. For years he sang in the choir, and guests in the Great Hall of his manor house would sit in the gallery while he played to them on his organ. He was writer and traveller and musician, and as a sculptor he made a monument for his mother's grave.

A man of peace and loathing war he believed in the League and he loved the C.N. Many a time he would talk over with us his dream of an All-Nations School in Oxfordshire, a dream which, alas! he has not lived to see come true.

Marjorie Wilson

ONE of the brightest stars in the C.N. heaven has faded. Marjorie Wilson has gone out into the Universe.

She was one of the bravest and rarest of God's children. She passed through the world like a spirit of loveliness, like some tender thing of poetry and beauty and courage, and she has passed out into the realms where heroes are. She is with her hero-brother again, the poet well-beloved who gave himself for England on the battlefield as Marjorie gave herself in peace. Poets both and heroes both, children of the rectory, they are of that mighty multitude which through the ages has been the moving spirit of our race and the pride and glory of the world.

Our Town Girl

Marjorie was our Town Girl. She had that gift which made her greatly loved, and without which life is poorer however rich we are, for she had Charm.

But she had that gift of a seeing and understanding mind which made her a poet, as every friend of the C.N. knows. She would see a small thing and make it into a great one with her words. She would sit on a seat in the park with a poor woman, and all unknowingly the poor woman would be suddenly enriched in a jewel of literature. She had the power of putting life itself into words, of moving us to laughter or to tears, and of stirring us with the solemn thoughts of life. Too modest to know it, she had the quality of genius which cannot see itself because it is so natural and so quiet.

And she was the bravest of the brave, the very spirit of pure chivalry. The tale of the year that has gone will never be told, but it will live in hearts that were very near to her. It is one of the most dramatic life-stories that have ever been lived or could ever be written, and all through life the courage of it and the beauty of it will remain with one or two. To thousands more it must have seemed that something pathetic was happening as our Town Girl's poems ran through these pages in the autumn of last year and the spring of this.

It had happened that our Town Girl was told that she must die, and she sat down and wrote one of the bravest letters that have ever come to us, begging that we would not be too sad for her, for *it would be wonderful to go before she was old*. And then she wrote that poem we printed at the time, *A Memory*, beginning, *My wandering heart is over the fields, and ending with those dauntless lines that nothing could keep her spirit apart*.

From the days when my head was crowned with stars
And a glory was in my heart.

Good-Night

She lay in one of the best nursing homes in London, where everybody loved her. They could not help it, for she was beautiful as well as brilliant, and she was the gentlest and most thankful of patients. She lay there dying, but she would not die. She lay there suffering, but she drove it back. Her proud spirit, which looked Death in the face day after day as the weeks went by, would not give way. She could not live, the doctors said, for soon there would be no chance of breathing, and no more hope of killing pain; but she lived on. Kings and queens called at the nursing home to see a friend ill there, but "This is our queen," the matron said. The specialist would "just call in" every day and forget to send his bill, for his patient was mysterious beyond all understanding. A doctor would hear of her and send her flowers. The nurses would call her to the landing to peep at a distinguished

caller on the stairs, and she could almost have touched the King. Her room was like a garden with the last roses of summer and all the autumn flowers.

Every night for a hundred nights there passed two letters in the post from two who never met in all these days, one who was strong and well and one who knew she was dying. They said Good-Night through all September and October and November and December, for so long she lay dying yet would not die. This was one of her Good-Nights:

Tonight calm sleep be yours
And dreams more quiet than the hurried thoughts of day.

May all the dark still hours
Enfold you as a harbour holds a ship, and may
There come no voice of storm from the far-troubled deep;

Only a whisper from the heart of Peace,
Sleep, child, sleep.

This was another of those hundred Good-Nights:

I hope you will feel the peace you wish for me when the stress of life presses too hard. I hope you will feel as still as a policeman in the streaming traffic, letting none of the clamour of it touch what is really you.

Of Matron she wrote that she was one of the most beautiful beings in the world; "her voice lovely, so quiet and sympathetic, and the dearest face she has." Except that she knew she was dying, that all her lovely world was passing from her, she was as happy as a great spirit can be in a broken body. She kept herself alive by her great courage, hovering at the Gate of Heaven but refusing to go in.

The Miracle

And then there happened something wonderful, miraculous. The pain began to go. She could sit up. She could take a little ride. Perhaps the door was going to open for her, the doctor said; he wished he could understand it. Then an old friend came back, a friend it had been beyond her dreams to see again, and

In my heart did wing
A little summer thing,
The knowledge of a love not dead;
And to my heart came spring.

Spring was coming indeed. Christmas came and she could send us a little blue rabbit. New Year came and she could wish for us all that it might be happy. And then came Spring, and our Town Girl, dying for three months with an unconquerable enemy within her, bought a new hat and went into the country. She was there with the daffodils, back in the world as by a miracle.

The daffodils nodded their heads and died, the tulips came, and the first rose of summer was here, a red rose from the tree which had given her its last at Christmas, when even then it had seemed that it would be too late.

And now at last all too late it was, for the ways of this world are past all understanding. Her lovely spring was over, her summer was dying at its dawn, and after these few months back in the world the bitter enemy within found a new power again, and suddenly, with very little warning, consumed her strength till she could breathe no more, and in the night she passed away, out of the world she had loved, in which she had fought a good fight and kept the faith, into the world which has a crown for her that fadeth not away.

She wrote of her brother when he fell in France those words which we may truly say of her:

Stronger than grief or Death,
Hurt, or the power to kill,
Comes insistent, triumphant,
Her spirit still.

It will remain for ever with those who loved her, and it will go on and on in word and deed through Time itself, until there is no Death.

Arthur Mee

THE PLIGHT OF LITTLE CAYMAN

WHAT TO DO WITH A SHIPLOAD OF PEOPLE

The Wandering Greeks Who
Have No Home

WHERE CAN THEY GO?

A strange story of visitors who have been forced to outstay their welcome comes to us from the Cayman Islands, a little group in the British West Indies about 200 miles from Jamaica.

Low and flat, these islands are often badly pounded by the waves as well as torn by the winds. They have no cable or wireless contact with the rest of the world, and a little motor-vessel which makes trips to Jamaica every three weeks is almost the only method of communication.

Sometimes it is said that the world might come to an end and they would never hear about it in Cayman. More often, perhaps, the inhabitants think that the islands might disappear under the waves and the world would never know or care.

The Ship That Sailed Away

At present the Caymans are practically a tiny self-governing colony under the Governor of Jamaica, who is represented by a Commissioner. The population has a large white element, and the people are nearly all seafaring.

Last year a vessel sailed from Honduras with a party of people whose nationality seems to be in question, but they are commonly known as Greeks. When the ship reached the Cayman Islands it appears that the captain put the passengers ashore and then sailed away without them.

The island on which he left the party is called Little Cayman. The handful of residents live in one settlement. Among the Greeks were mothers with infants, and they had no food or water. They starved for days until a man found them and took them to the little village where their needs were attended to.

Then the Caymanians shipped them to Jamaica; but Jamaica would not have them, their papers not being in order. An attempt was next made to get them to Haiti, but they were not allowed to land there. Back they went to Jamaica, and were told they could not land. So they have returned to the Cayman Islands.

A Tragic Situation

It is a tragic situation. For six months these poor Greeks have been wandering about the Caribbean Sea. It would almost appear that they can land nowhere in the world in a regular manner.

The Cayman Islands, with their finances and balances blown away by the hurricanes of 1932 and 1933, have spent hundreds of pounds on these visitors and naturally desire to see the last of them. The burden has been very heavy on a community a sixteenth of the size of the Isle of Wight.

Possibly steps are being taken through official channels to settle the question. But time is passing. The Caymanians acted as any decent people would act in saving these marooned Greeks from starvation, and they think there must be some other way of dealing with them than treating them as undesirables wherever they go.

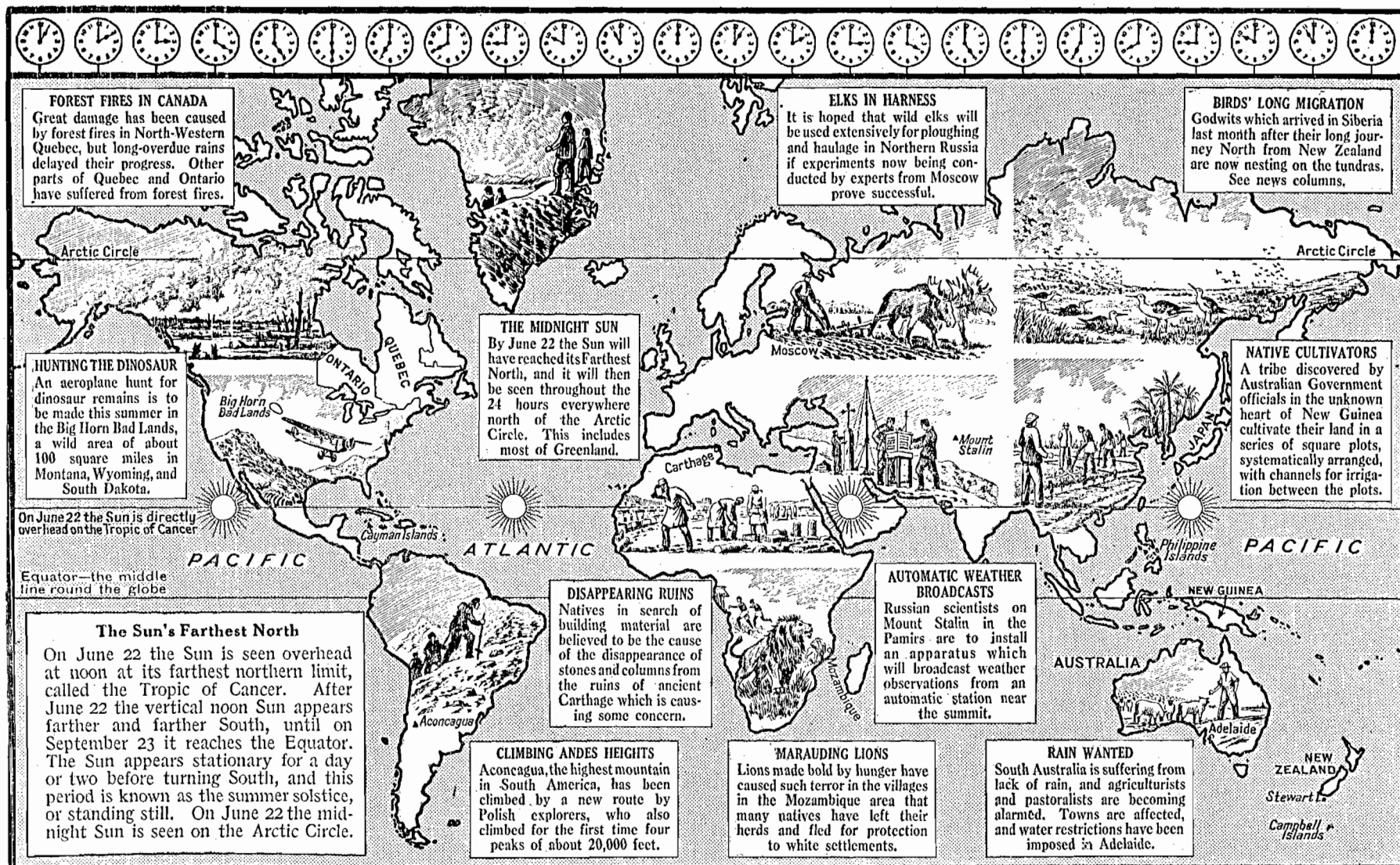
Both Caymanians and Greeks deserve our sincere sympathy. See *World Map*

LUXURY IN SIBERIA

A luxury express is now running on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

It has hot and cold water in each compartment, and travellers are provided with baths, wireless, books, and games. Steamship, hotel, and theatre bookings may be made on the train and delivery of luggage arranged. Similar luxuries are planned for all long-distance express trains in Russia.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PORK AND GREEN PEAS FOR THE DUKE

Sir Ian Hamilton Jokes With the Pensioners

Sir Ian Hamilton can be relied upon for a piece of good humour, a piece of noble literature, or a piece of heroism whenever it is wanted, and he did not fail to make Founder's Day for the Chelsea Pensioners a very jolly affair.

They much enjoyed his reminiscences of their old commanders, many of whom, as he said, are now London statues.

"There is the Duke of Cambridge," he said, "sitting bang in the middle of Whitehall reviewing buses instead of Dragoons. I often raise my hat to him as I pass, and remember how we always used to serve him with pork chops and green peas after his inspections, so that a pleasant impression should be left on his mind."

Sir Ian went on to wonder why the sculptor had dismounted Lord Kitchener and set him in the Horse Guards Parade ground "on his own flat feet." We hope Sir Ian does not mean by this that he disapproves of this statue, for it always seems to us that it means that Kitchener was a man of the people rather than a man of war.

JUSTICE FOR A JEW

On appeal the Supreme Court in Germany has reversed a crushing decision of a lower court given against a Jew.

Richard Kahn, a Jew, had sold his factories in Berlin to a Swedish syndicate for 6,750,000 marks. The syndicate sued him for selling to them at too high a price.

In July 1932 judgment was given against him and he was condemned to repay 2,100,000 marks. Contrary to usual custom immediate payment was demanded, and Kahn was not only ruined but also thrown into prison.

It is this judgment which has now been reversed under the very anti-Jewish régime of Herr Hitler.

UGLY THINGS IN THE ABBEY

The Dean Willing To Move Them

The Dean of Westminster has been praising Lady Hilton Young's bust of Adam Lindsay Gordon the poet which has recently been unveiled in the Abbey.

In this connection he has been making some caustic comments on the vast monuments which are such an eyesore in England's shrine. He states that he does not see any objection to moving a monument from one place to another in the Abbey, and he asks how long it is decent for one person to retain his right to any spot in the Abbey.

We entirely agree with Dr Foxley Norris that it is high time many of these monuments were moved. Many of them might well be placed in less conspicuous positions, and there are some which could very well be put on the pavement outside for any road contractor to pick up.

ANOTHER THING BETTER AND BETTER

A Growing Generation

Our boys and girls grow taller and heavier, and Bedfordshire has been congratulating itself on some surprising improvements.

Dr Welch, the County Medical Officer, reports that there is an average increase of over a quarter of an inch in the height since last year, the greatest improvement being in the case of the girls.

A special comparison has been made in boys and girls 12 years old this year. The average increase in weight was as much as one and a half pounds, while the girls were a fifth of an inch taller than the 12-years-old group were last year.

The report explains that the improvement is due to better nutrition, for many of the schools provide midday meals at a total cost to the parents of a shilling a week. Last year 150,000 midday meals were supplied.

LITTLE 534

A Miniature Great Ship

The most critical moment in the life of a big ship is not the meeting of a hurricane in the Atlantic, but its launch.

Everything in its design enables it to meet the highest waves, but its removal from land into water is an operation of great risk, and, in the case of the largest vessels, needs much planning. Especially is this the case when the shipyard is on the banks of a comparatively narrow river.

So much depends on every incident in the launching of the new Cunard liner Number 534 that the builders are going to rehearse it. They are building a miniature ship proportionate in its weight and stresses, and are going to launch this in a tank. They are building miniature launching machines, miniature keel blocks, and miniature drag chains, everything to scale, so that when the King and Queen start the machinery to move this monster vessel from the stocks into the Clyde on September 26 there shall be no risk of an accident.

THE CAP, ON FIRE

Send One To Your M.P.

A Leeds man was walking on the moors the other day when the cap he was wearing suddenly burst into flame.

It was an ordinary cloth cap, but inside it, covering the little square of cloth bearing the maker's name, was a thin piece of celluloid. The day was hot, and the heat alone was sufficient to set the celluloid on fire.

Fortunately the wearer was none the worse for his startling experience, but he might easily have been seriously burned.

We should like all our Members of Parliament to wear one of these caps throughout the summer. When their heads were cool again they might take some interest in making illegal the sale of this inflammable material for caps and combs and dolls for little children.

GODWITS ON THE WING

Their Wonderful Journey

FLIGHT FROM NEW ZEALAND TO SIBERIA

The migration of those wonderful birds the godwits from New Zealand to the tundras of Siberia and Alaska began on March 15, writes an observer who lives at the extreme north of New Zealand.

March and April are the time-table months for the departure of the godwits from New Zealand. This year some of the migrants seem to have hopped off earlier than usual.

For months before the godwits had been enjoying the warm days of summer in the Southern Hemisphere. Their haunts are the tidal harbours and estuaries where there is plenty of food in the shape of shellfish.

Further flights of godwits were reported early in April.

May is the month for the arrival of the godwits in Siberia and Alaska. There they lay their greenish-brown eggs, and by the middle of August or the beginning of September the young godwits can fly. Young and old leave for the south at the end of August or the beginning of September.

By a glance at the C.N. Picture-Map you will be able to follow the flight of the godwits. They journey south along the coast of Siberia, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, New Guinea, and Northern Australia to New Zealand. They go along the thousand-mile coastline of New Zealand to Stewart Island at the extreme south, and even to the Campbell Islands, a group 370 miles south of Stewart Island.

What wonderful instinct is it that guides the godwits in their remarkable aerial voyages?

The L.M.S. engine Columbine, built in 1845 and exhibited at Crewe works since 1902, is to be preserved with other famous old engines in the L.N.E.R. Museum at York.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 16 1934

This Was the World and I Was King

IT is a mad world, we have said many times, and we were saying it again the other day, for we had turned our eyes from the fields and picked up a paper.

Geneva was wrangling about disarmament, London was wrangling about Waterloo Bridge, Europe was busy with the quarrels of a thousand years.

And then we threw our paper down and looked about us. The villages were decked with hanging gold, for the laburnums were out again. The lilacs were peeping over the garden walls. The woods were carpeted with bluebells, lingering as if loth to go. The chestnuts had their candles lit, pink and white in myriads. The elms were climbing up above the spires. The oaks were spreading out their wings. The majestic yews were remembering the long story of the countryside for 20 generations.

The hedgerows were alive with wonder; we found even the humble garlic and the much-despised cow's parsley looking enchanting in the lanes. And then there were those matchless things the golden buttercups.

This is the world as we found it; this was the world and we were kings.

It is true that Man is King. It is true that Man is set in this garden of the world to take its treasure of abundance and turn it into happiness for all mankind. It is true that ten million men have died that it might be done.

But it is true, alas! that a few little men, a few little hates and prejudices, stand in the way. It is true that the rulers of the world are mad. The wheat crops are threatened by drought even while the great wheat bonfires are still burning. The tariffs of every land are strangling trade while millions of idle men stand in our streets. Nations hoard up gold and cry out for more from their stricken debtors. They cry out for security and will not be secure in friendship and goodwill.

And so the rulers of this lovely world are madmen when they might be kings. We were walking in our wood, looking at the great still trees. Everywhere the Great Drought troubles men, yet in this little wood these trees drink up a thousand gallons every day and find it without fuss. Wonderful it is, and solemn to think of, and once more we think of Matthew Arnold's prayer, which we will leave unfinished:

*One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which on every wind is blown . . .*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Left Behind

AN amusing story comes to us from a correspondent in Yorkshire of a retired railway stationmaster who not long ago journeyed from his old station to a neighbouring town.

His last train back was waiting in the station when he caught sight of several people rushing to catch it. Instead of jumping in with them he urged them to hurry up, opened the door, bundled them in, and signalled to the guard that all was well, as he used to do in the old days.

Away went the train, and not until its tail-light had disappeared did he realise that he should have been in it!

Little One and the Policeman

This note comes to us from a lady in a seaside town.

CHILDREN are not afraid of policemen any more. Passing a school the other day I saw a tall man in blue waiting to take the children across the road. He did not notice a tiny boy run up to him until he felt his hand grasped and the child calling out a glad greeting.

It all set me remembering the days when children were scared by the sight of a policeman. Now every child seems to think the policeman his friend.

Brighten Up the Works

MUSIC hath charms to soothe more than the savage breast!

A millowner writes to tell how his output has increased ten per cent through giving his workers music from gramophone records. Also, he says, the health of the girls has increased.

This is good to hear, but it ought not to surprise us, for long ago in Cuba they discovered that music increased the output of the cigar-makers and made them happy and contented too.

Given a well-built, well-ventilated, brightly-coloured factory, with music where machinery permits it, factory life can become a very different thing from the sordid scramble which robbed so many lives of health in the old days.

White Line For Black Drivers

THE motor-slaughter produces many suggestions for road reform.

One of the latest is that every road should be divided by a White Line, a foot wide, to make two tracks, and that there should be a heavy penalty for not keeping to the left-hand track.

It is a suggestion that would prevent head-on collisions and cutting-in on narrow roads if enforced.

No such provision could succeed, however, without enforcement. Every day we see regulations wilfully ignored by motorists, even with policemen looking on. The question arises whether we are developing a contempt for law in this country, one of the worst things that could happen.

Blood and Water

THE facts we give in another column about the Great Drought and the wheat supply are gloomy indeed, and one thing they must suggest to every serious mind.

Is there not something dramatic for nations to do in this conquest of Nature which would engage all the energies and rivalries now concentrated upon War?

Would it not be worth while for somebody at Geneva to urge the nations that they should spend a little more time in seeing that water runs and a little less time in seeing that blood flows?

Tip-Cat

A CHILD is most interesting from two to six, says a writer. After that he is put to bed.

SOME fish travel thousands of miles from their homes. But anglers are always dropping them a line.

A CORRESPONDENT thinks it is wrong to bribe children to be good. She would prefer them to be good for nothing.

THE London waiter who has turned composer will doubtless carry everything before him.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If hiking is
going out

years service without a break. But he has often let his employers down.

CHINESE soldiers' uniforms are said to be made of paper. Difficult to put on in a tearing hurry.

IT is easy to become wealthy, declares an Indian who has settled in London. All you want is a lot of money.

IT is to be hoped that the British Launderers' Exhibition will not prove a wash-out.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OVER £12,000 was collected for new playing-fields on a recent flag day.

LONDON trolley-buses are not to be allowed to spoil Bedford Square.

THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK has given £20,000 to Oxford for forestry.

EAST RIDDLES DEN HALL, a 17th-century Yorkshire home, has been given to the National Trust.

JUST AN IDEA

Work matters much, but life is more than work; man is more than his possessions or his productions.

Poems of Marjorie Wilson, Dying

WE have come far; it seems that we were sent

Upon this journey. Let us pause today
A little while (too long we cannot stay)
And hold some converse as we set our tent.

BEHIND us and in front the way is long.
Shall we not here, before our feet are bent

On journeying forth, light up each scattered tent,
And greet each fellow traveller with a song?

THE FAR-OFF CALL

A CALL I heard sound faint and far away

From the last hill where I shall leave my load;
But not too swiftly must I seek the road
From whence it came, impatient to obey.

I MUST not think the day has been too long
Lest from the plough I, wearied, drop my hand
And leave half-furrowed my small plot of land,
Greeting Tomorrow with too glad a song.

TURN, coward heart; upon the way you've come
Your cloak is trailing; wear it yet awhile.

Go back; you climb too soon the first-found stile,
Too greedy are you for the hills of home.

THE SHORES OF PARADISE

THE darkness came to hurry off the light:

Your day is done; make room for me, the Night.

I will not hurry, said the Sunset Sky.
I will be glorious before I die.

COME, fetch my loveliest robe of gold and red,
My jewels and my crown, the Sunset said.

Then all the world looked up into the skies
Thinking they saw the shores of Paradise.

WHAT DID YOU SEE OUT THERE?

WHAT did you see out there,
Out in the darkness, Traveller?

What did you see so near
The chasm's edge, Traveller?
Is darkness one with fear?

I SAW gates open wide,
Fellow Traveller;

A great light burned inside,
And I knew, Fellow Traveller,
All fearfulness had died.

How came you from such light
To return, Traveller?

A voice said Into night
Once again, Traveller,
One more short hour to fight.

TO 1934

From her Farewell to the Old Year
KNOW this: Before the next swift year

Has travelled quite its circuit through,
I too may journey in your wake
To seek Eternity, I too
May be in Time's great heart, as you.

THEN little will they know who speak
Such words as say that I am dead:
Only shall I have cast my cloak,
My ragged garment shall have shed,
To wear the robes of God instead.

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB SOMETHING LIKE A FISHING STORY

A Mistake That Should Be Put Right Once and For All

THE REAL MARY AND THE REAL FACTS

Newspaper stories are too often like the proverbial fishing story, growing more and more unlike the original fact or fish as one paper after another takes up the tale.

That is why, when we find one of our best writers, Mr E. V. Lucas, telling in one of our best newspapers, the Sunday Times, the old, old story about Mary and her little lamb, the C.N. likes to do a bit of fishing on its own account and bring up truth from the bottom of the well.

Mr Lucas's Two Stories

Mr Lucas, wondering which are the best-known four-line verses in the English language, decided that they are probably those about Mary and her lamb. Subsequently he quotes two readers, one who tells him that Mary was a Welshwoman called Mary Hughes, who died in 1931; the other telling him that the verses were written by Sarah Josepha Hall, who was born in 1788 and died in 1879.

Neither of these statements is true, and in the hope that future historians will search the pages of the C.N. we retell the story of Mary and her lamb, the most famous children's poem in the world.

In the first place the poem was in print eleven years before the Welsh Mrs Hughes was born, which rules out her claim.

The fact that her claim has been put on a tombstone has nothing to do with it. We know many false claims on tombstones, unfortunately.

An American Girl

The real Mary was Mary Sawyer, an American girl attending school at Sterling in Massachusetts over 120 years ago. Her father was a farmer, who one day allowed her to try to save the life of a newly-born lamb. Mary sat up two nights with it, hugging it close in her arms to keep it warm. She saved its life, and from that time the two were inseparable. The little lamb submitted to being washed, having its woolly head combed, and wearing a bright ribbon, and it grew fonder and fonder of its young mistress.

We may be sure that when Mary found the lamb following her and her brother to school one day she was not in the least upset. She wanted to show it off to the whole school. When she arrived, however, she did begin to wonder what the teacher would say, so she hid the lamb behind a desk. All went well till she was called to the platform to say her recitation, and then the lamb, hearing her step, ran after her.

Laughter in School

It made the children laugh and play to see a lamb at school, and we are glad to know from Mary Sawyer herself that it made the teacher laugh too. All that happened was that the lamb was put in an outside shed till lesson time was over. But that, as we know, was not the end of the story.

A young fellow called John Roulstone visited the school that afternoon and heard of Mary and her lamb, and the next day he rode up and presented Mary with a slip of paper. On it were written the first three verses of the rhyme now loved by English-speaking children all over the world.

This is the story as told to her pupils by Mary Sawyer herself, when, after her marriage to Columbus Tyler, she taught in a children's school at Somerville. Her story is confirmed by Henry Ford, who has collected 200 documents to prove the truth of it. He has also saved

OLD IRONSIDES COMES HOME

WHEN the famous old American frigate Constitution (more commonly known as Old Ironsides) returned to the Boston navy yard from the Pacific on May 7 she was met and escorted into port by a squadron of modern aeroplanes.

The contrast between the planes and the ancient three-masted frigate built nearly one and a half centuries ago was quite picturesque. All eyes in the harbour were fixed on the proudly returning old ship, just as they were 120 years ago, when she returned from successful battles in the war of 1812.

It was in the same Boston yards that Old Ironsides was built, and to

them that she retired when she was deemed too old to serve any longer as the training and receiving ship she became at the end of the war.

Had it not been for Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem Old Ironsides, which was a patriotic protest against the destruction of this most famous American ship of her day, the old frigate would have been broken up.

The poem inspired the collection of funds with which the ship was re-conditioned and placed on exhibition. It is from an exhibition tour of the Pacific ports that this beloved vessel is now returning to her home.

ANOTHER SAILOR FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE



One of the new pictures for South Africa House in Trafalgar Square is this painting by Mr H. Amshewitz of Vasco da Gama sailing round the Cape to India in 1497.

Continued from the previous column

what was left of her old schoolhouse and reconstructed it at Sudbury in Massachusetts among other historic things.

But again the story does not end with John Roulstone's verses. These, with three other verses to complete the poem as we know it, appeared sixteen years later in a book called Poems for Our Children, published at Boston in 1830 by Mrs Sarah Josepha Hale (not Hall), a well-known writer. It is thought she came across John Roulstone's verses and added three of her own.

We feel sure that our own Welsh Mary Hughes honestly believed herself to be the original Mary; we do not doubt that she had a lamb that followed her to school; but we find ourselves unable to believe that the event was celebrated in a poem published sixteen years before she went to school and eleven years before she was born. Probably she learned the poem when very young and applied it to herself. It is often hard to sort out from our memories the real things from the things we imagine.

LITTLE EDMUND'S FARTHING FUND

What can a little boy do to show his thanks to a hospital which has treated him well?

Edmund Ayling must know the Royal Waterloo Hospital, the first hospital in the world for children, very well indeed, for he has been a patient there 18 times, and still he is only nine! It was when he was six that he started on his great scheme of collecting farthings, and now he has sent the hospital 3360 of them—£3 10s—in three years. The money is to be used to start a special fund called Edmund's Farthing Fund, to provide comforts for other patients.

Others beside Edmund have saved up to help this fine hospital. Once a poorly-dressed woman handed in 40 golden sovereigns in memory of the kindness shown to her there over 50 years before. The hospital serves some of the poorest parts of London, yet fruit, flowers, and small sums of money are constantly being received.

TOGO OF THE THAMES

JAPAN'S NELSON

The Dramatic Stroke Which Broke a Nation's Naval Power

A MODEST GREAT MAN

Admiral Togo, who won the Trafalgar of the Pacific at the beginning of this century as Nelson won the Trafalgar of the Atlantic at the beginning of last, has died full of years and honours at 87. His last honour came to him on his deathbed, when he was created a marquis.

He was the Nelson of Japan, and had trained himself in the great Nelson tradition. He had one quality, however, which Nelson had not, for Togo was a man of natural modesty, and on the official occasions when honours were worn he would wear the British Order of Merit back to front because he did not like to advertise his two English words. For Togo was one of that small group of men, limited at any one time to 24, who have received the highest British distinction, the Order of Merit, of which he was the only living foreign member.

Son of a Samurai

Again, when his officers and men wished him to live in a style in keeping with his great rank of Admiral of the Fleet, and presented him with a huge sum of money, he declined to take a grand residence, continuing to live in a simple house and spending the gift on statues of the three admirals who founded the modern navy of Japan.

Heihachiro Togo was the son of a Samurai of low rank. He showed such devotion to his work as a young officer that he was sent for seven years to England, where he served on the Worcester, the training ship off Greenwich in the Thames.

He was one of the most diffident and undemonstrative of officers, but his efficiency brought him the command of a cruiser, in which he distinguished himself in Japan's war with China in 1894. When the Russo-Japanese War broke out in 1904 Togo was appointed to the command of the Japanese fleet, and from that day Japanese prowess on the sea amazed the world.

Preparing For Tsushima

The scattered Russian squadrons in the Far East were destroyed one by one, Port Arthur was closely invested, the Japanese army was transported with safety to the continent of Asia, and the only task needed to complete Japan's victory was the destruction of the great Baltic fleet which had been sent out under Rojestvensky to retrieve the honour of the great Western Power.

Togo just awaited its coming, keeping his ships and men in a perfect condition of quiet discipline. There were two routes by which the Russian fleet could reach Vladivostok, and it would have been fatal for Togo to have divided his force between them.

Japan's Navy Day

He divined with an uncanny instinct the way they would come, and in the ensuing fight of Tsushima between the two fleets, equals on paper, 34 Russian ships were sunk, captured, or driven into neutral ports, while only three small vessels escaped. Not a single important Japanese ship was lost in that tremendous battle, which spelled the doom of Russia's naval might.

The battle was fought and won on May 28, 1905, and that day is the Japanese Navy Day, celebrated with universal acclamation in Japan. Togo passed away within 30 hours of its anniversary. During his lifetime he had become a legend, but it was not so much for his brilliant leadership in war as for his devotion to virtue and duty.

During the summer months Cornwall will have for the first time Sunday train services on all but two branch lines.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

The Battle of the Calories A CHILD KNOWS WHEN IT IS HUNGRY

We can now briefly review the dispute among the doctors on the question of the least possible sum needed to keep alive a man, woman, or child.

Some months ago an expert Committee of the British Medical Association reported that a man needed 3,400 calories of food to maintain his existence, and that these would cost him about 5s 6d a week.

With this conclusion the Ministry of Health doctors disagreed. Said these doctors, 3,000 calories were enough, and 4s 6d would buy them!

Feeling that this would never do the two Committees set up a joint Committee to reconcile their differences; and the new body has produced a sliding scale which has regard to the fact that a man has not only to keep alive but to work.

Honour and Hunger

The new Committee "slides" between 3,000 and 3,400 calories, and honour is satisfied, if not hunger.

The national 2s unemployment allowance for a child is reckoned to be merely enough to feed a child not over three; an older child, it is admitted by the Committee, needs a bigger allowance.

For a civilised people, how humiliating are these calculations!

A child, like a bird, knows when it is hungry; and it is a reproach to society that scientific men should be found calculating when a child ought or ought not to feel hungry.

Scientific agriculture and good machinery have made food cheap. Knowing this, what do we do? At one and the same time we discuss

1. How to cut down the wheat supply and the meat supply and the butter supply, and
2. How to cut down the allowance of food for a child to a decimal point.

A SHEEPISH HERO Surprising Scene on a Canal Bank

The workpeople at Bank Mill, in the little Lancashire village of Cherry Tree, between Blackburn and Preston, saw a most surprising rescue the other day.

Some sheep in a field next to the mill were drinking at the canal bank when one fell in. The rest ran back into the middle of the field in a state of alarm, and the poor sheep in the water looked like being drowned.

But suddenly the leader of the flock returned to the canal, jumped in, pushed the drowning sheep to the side, and coaxed it to struggle up the bank. Some of the millworkers, who were themselves on the way to the rescue, could not restrain an astonished cheer as rescuer and rescued scampered happily off to join the rest of the flock.

After this we shall have to revise our ideas about the stupidity of sheep, while a sheepish hero will mean as brave a one as any.

A SHILLINGSWORTH OUT OF DOORS

It is a shame to have to spend a summer afternoon or evening indoors when you want an entertainment.

The League of Arts realised this when, 14 years ago, it first offered its popular programmes in Hyde Park on Saturdays in June and July. This year, as in the past, there are to be demonstrations of physical exercises and Greek and modern dancing, while an exhibition of dances and mimes of all ages promises to be fascinating.

Children and grown-ups are to have their Country Dance Parties, and the League of Arts Choir will close the series with a concert of sea shanties.

B-P, Our Chief of Boys

A Light For All Men and Chief of All Scouts

THE Chief Scout is still with us, still sharing the vision of men; and the C.N., which has tried its best to set him up on his horse on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square, welcomes him back to life.

Wherever the name of Baden-Powell is spoken it is a watchword drawing the boys of every country and every continent to attention.

He has been a keen soldier, a fine cavalryman, a general with the record of an achievement never to be forgotten in the annals of the British Army; but it has been his lot to establish an imperishable name as the creator and leader of one of the greatest forces for peace the world has ever known. B-P's Scouts are the messengers of goodwill in every land. They sow the seeds of amity, peace, and concord in every clime.

The Hero of Mafeking

So universal and overpowering is the effect of this immense concourse of boyhood, which keeps the ideals B-P has instilled into it and carries them on to another generation of boys, that his earlier career, when he became Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell, and then General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, is sometimes overshadowed. It is not forgotten, though the younger people of today have to be told by their elders, that to the British people he was once the Hero of Mafeking.

That landmark in his own career and (as it is not unfair to add) in the story of the nation was set up in the struggle with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State into which our nation was so unhappily drawn. We should like to think that the remembrance of that South African War was as completely obliterated as it was completely eclipsed in the far darker shadow of the Great War; but Baden-Powell's share in it as defender of Mafeking was one of the bright spots in its long-drawn-out gloom.

When the war broke out B-P was a regimental officer whom everyone knew as a good man in a tight place. The son of an Oxford professor and educated at Charterhouse he had chosen the Army as a profession because in those comparatively calm days toward the end of last century, before the storm, it offered the best opportunities for a life of movement and adventure. He has done work as an Intelligence Officer and seen service in India, Afghanistan, Zululand, and Ashanti.

His Favourite Word

Service is his favourite word. Keen on his job, he made a special study of scouting, and had proved its value in these wild places which are on the borderland of the British Empire. He was with the Relief Column in Zululand in the suppression of Dinizulu's rebellion, and from that campaign he brought back two things which were typical of himself and his after-career. One was the nickname the Zulus gave him of M'hala Panzi, the Man Who Lies Down to Shoot, or the Man Who Makes His Plans Carefully Beforehand. The other was the chant of a Zulu impi, now known to Scouts everywhere as the Eengonyama Chorus.

From Zululand he went to Ashanti with the 1895 Expedition to Kumasi, that town of dreadful sacrifice, and did invaluable work in that campaign as the leader of a flanking column. His scouting ability was of marked assistance in contributing to the success of the march. From Ashanti, as from Zululand, he brought back a nickname and the vivid memory of a war dance. The nickname was Kantankye, or He of the Big Hat, for he wore the Scout's hat even in those early days. Old Ashanti chiefs remember him and his name still; and it would be strange if even in that West African outpost, now a civilised town, there were not some Boy Scouts today.

Wherever he went his personality left its mark. In Matabeleland, which followed Ashanti, and where he was Chief Scout for the first time (but not for the last!), the Matabele named him Impesca, the Wolf that Never Sleeps. In Mafeking, where he made a name to ring through our English-speaking world, he became B-P, and by those letters all have known him since, and known him better by this affectionate version of his name than by that of Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, the title conferred on him in 1929.

B-P was his real title of honour for what he had done in Mafeking. His defence of that apparently indefensible outpost for seven months, from October to May, seized the world's imagination. It was not the magnitude of the exploit or its effect on the war that made it an unforgettable feat. It was the thought of Baden-Powell's small force holding out there while disasters were occurring elsewhere, and of this man keeping the flag flying while England held its breath lest any day should bring the news of the Fall of Mafeking.

The Sort of Man He Is

It did not fall, and the English people did not forget its defender, though he did not come home to receive their applause, but went on with his duties in South Africa till the war dragged its weary length to an end; and he stayed there, still carrying on as Inspector-General of Cavalry, for some time after. In all this we may read the sort of man he is, and the ideals he has held up before those who become his willing disciples.

When, some years after, he laid down his arms (or, in other words, when his military career came to an end) he sought a new outlet for his unabated energies and found one exactly suited to his ingenious inventive mind in the immortal idea of the Boy Scouts.

He had always been fond of boys, and he understood them, for he has always been a boy himself. He knows that every true boy likes the idea of scouting, of hunting, of being out in the open, free to shift for himself. He was himself a scout of high degree, with exceptional practical experience; why not, then, form a troop of Boy Scouts? Why not an army of them?

With him to think is to act, and B-P formed an experimental camp of Boy Scouts on Brownsea Island.

He lectured on the idea in a number of towns, and the British public, who had not forgotten their B-P, leaped at the idea. Before he had finished his handbook for boys troops of Scouts had sprung up all over the kingdom. The date of 1908 is important, for the present state of the movement shows what a quarter of a century has done. We of the C.N. are glad to feel that the Boy Scouts and the Children's Encyclopedia both came into the world in the same memorable year.

B-P and the C.E.

Since then the C.E. has beaten all records for the sale of an encyclopedia and the Scouts have spread all over the world, sinking their roots deep in the ground from China to Peru. Every British Dominion claims this Scout army as its own, but other countries are not less proud to enrol their boys under its banner. The reason is plain. The creed of the Boy Scout of any nationality is the same. It is a creed of kindness, generosity, of helpfulness, manliness, and honour.

When a few years ago a Jamboree was held at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, 56,000 Boy Scouts from all over the world cheered the Chief Scout, their chosen leader; and when the Archbishop of Canterbury ended his discourse on that inspiring occasion he laid his hand on B-P's head as if to bless him and said:

May I not dare to say, before you all, the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.

HIS THOUSAND RUNS A New Zealand Batsman's Score

CAPTAIN'S SPORTING DECLARATION

A sporting action by the opposing club captain enabled J. E. Mills, one of New Zealand's best-known cricketers, to score his coveted 1000 runs for the 1933-34 season.

Mills is one of the greatest left-hand batsmen New Zealand has known. He visited England with the New Zealand cricket teams of 1927 and 1932.

On the last day of the cricket season at Auckland in New Zealand, where the season ends early in April, Mills was still 13 runs short of the coveted thousand. The successful batting of the opposing team, North Shore, made it appear that Mills would not get another chance to bat. But as soon as North Shore had passed the total of the Eden Club, for which Mills plays, the North Shore captain declared the innings closed in order to give Mills a final chance to reach his thousand runs. He made 15 not out.

HIGH SPEED ON THE RAILWAY Streamlined Train's 1000 Miles in 13 Hours

A railway record to be proud of has been made by America's new train the Zephyr.

Driven by a 660 horse-power Diesel engine the train consists of three coaches of stainless steel, and it has made the journey of 1015 miles between Denver and Chicago in 13 hours and five minutes. This is little more than half the time taken for the journey by the steam trains which maintain the normal service. Zephyr's average speed was more than 77 miles an hour; and at times 112 miles an hour was reached.

It is interesting to recall that the record for the 401-mile stretch between Denver and Harvard in Nebraska was previously held by our own Royal Scot, which made the journey last year at an average speed of 56 miles an hour.

This section was covered by the Zephyr at 79 miles an hour.

The Zephyr's remarkable speed is largely due to its beautiful streamlining and also to the elimination of friction by the use of tapered roller bearings on its axles. On its record run 85 passengers were carried for the remarkably low fuel cost of about £3 10s, the price of the crude oil used.

There is certainly a great future for the streamlined Diesel train, particularly in America, where planes and road transport have captured so much of the long-distance passenger traffic.

A GREAT NATION'S SLUM SCHOOLS

What Are We Doing With Wooden Huts?

The Society of Friends has published a memorandum of evidence given to the Board of Education exposing the results of so-called economy in school affairs.

Continuation schools have suffered because of the demand for fees. In London this change, made at a time when incomes were reduced, decreased the number of pupils by 14,000.

Training colleges have been hit and the future of education imperilled by cutting down the number of entrants and increasing fees.

It is sad to know that in some cases mentally-deficient children have been taken away from special classes and put with normal children.

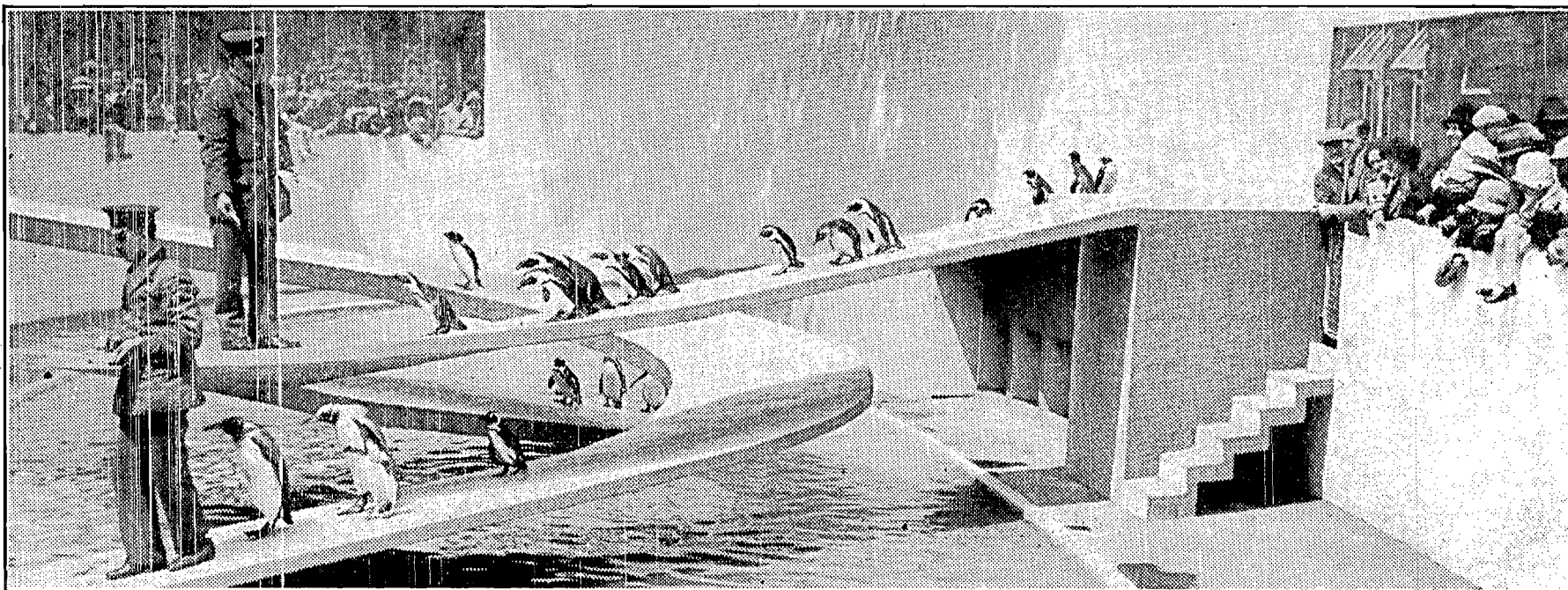
Hundreds of slum schools remain. The report speaks of buildings still in use which were condemned years ago; in one case a junior school of over 500 children is housed in wooden huts!

June 16, 1934

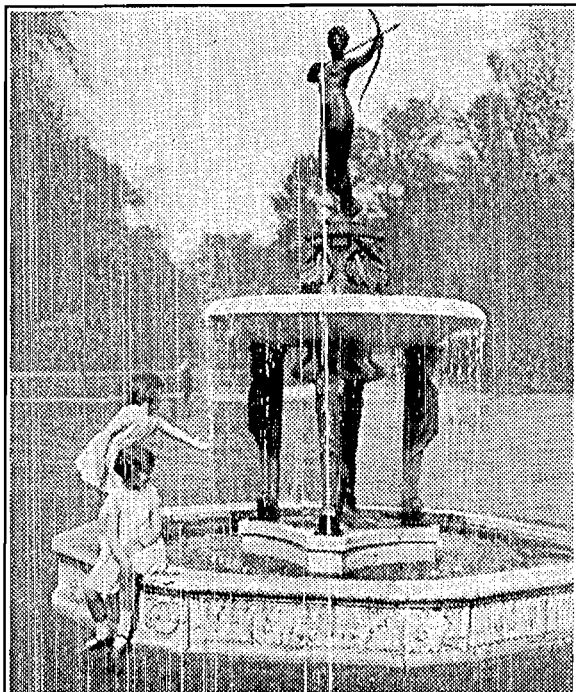
The Children's Newspaper

9

PENGUINS AT HOME · DOCK CRUISES · NEW LONDON STATUE



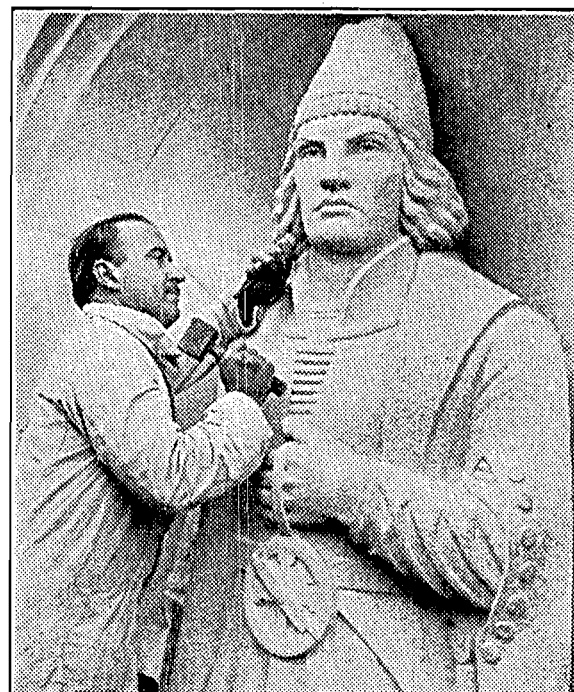
The Penguins in Their New Home—Feeding-time in the new penguin enclosure at the London Zoo. Spiral gangways above the pool provide diving-places for the birds. See page 11.



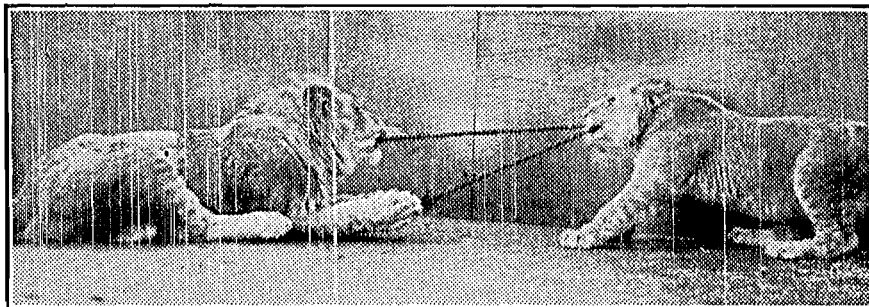
By the Fountain—Among the many beautiful fountains in London's open-air art gallery is this one in Hyde Park. On a warm day these two little girls were attracted to it by the cool splash of the water in the basin.



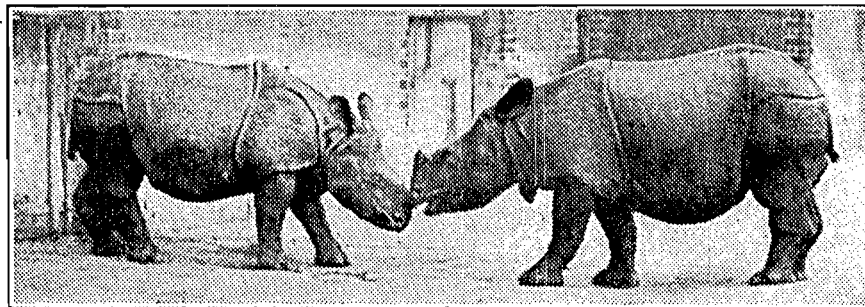
Cruises in the Docks—One of the most fascinating experiences to be had in London is a tour of the docks. Here two sight-seeing steamers are seen in the Royal Albert Dock.



New London Statue—Mr Coert L. Steynberg of Pretoria working on a statue for South Africa House in London of Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese explorer who discovered the Cape of Good Hope in 1488.



Tug-of-War—Two young lions in the zoo at Chessington in Surrey find amusement in a game of tug-of-war, a length of stout rope having conveniently been left in their den.



Greetings—A picture from a rhinoceros enclosure at the London Zoo showing two of the armoured giants exchanging friendly greetings.



Jolly Gipsies—In this picture we see a group of merry little Romany people sitting on the step of their caravan at an encampment in Surrey.



Replenishing the School Aquarium—Girls of Woodford County High School collecting specimens for their school aquarium from a pond in Epping Forest.

OUR ENGLAND IS A STAGE

VILLAGE PLAYERS CROWD THE OLD VIC

One of the Fine Chapters of
Life in Our Century

WHAT A KENT HAMLET DOES

The Old Vic has been packed with an unusually happy and excited crowd, those who witnessed or took part in the final contest of the Community Theatre Festival for the De Walden Cup.

This is the eighth festival organised by the British Drama League, and we might say that people all over rural England and Wales, parts of Scotland, and a bit of Northern Ireland were on tiptoe with excitement while the fate of the cup lay in the balance. This year the happy winners were a Scottish team, the Barr and Stroud Dramatic Club, for an excellent rendering of the first act of Barrie's play *What Every Woman Knows*.

Making Happy Hearts

The four teams who competed with the Barr and Stroud team had been chosen out of their own areas by judges appointed by the Drama League earlier in the year. In all 559 teams had played so that one might win.

At first sight this seems heartbreaking, like most competitions, but the truth is that the Drama League contests make for very happy hearts. Tremendous labour, tremendous interest, and enthusiasm lie behind the five plays acted at the Old Vic. Everybody knows that an entertainment is nicer if one has had something to do with it oneself, and these 559 plays given in the villages, small towns, and suburbs of England have provided a pleasure quite unguessed-at by dwellers in cities.

The League's Wide Net

The work of the British Drama League makes one of the pleasantest chapters in the social history of our century. It has thrown out a wide net, taking in thousands of individual members who are interested in the amateur stage; it has incorporated the Village Drama Society, works in a friendly way with Rural Community Councils, Women's Institutes, schools, Guides, and Scouts. The result of its work can be seen already in rural England, where acting has taken the place which music and what is now called folk-dancing took in an earlier century.

Following the contest at the Old Vic was a delightful and instructive conference on Village Drama at the Royal Society of Arts, organised by the League, where producers talked on the difficulty of finding the right play and getting teams to act it, and actors talked of audiences and the kinds of theatres they found. The burning question of the village theatre came up, and there were plenty of people to explain how they got over their difficulties. One of the nicest stories we have ever heard came from a producer in a Kent village of 198 inhabitants, nine miles from a town.

Voluntary Labour

Here the villagers had built themselves by voluntary labour a theatre to seat about 100, measuring 40 feet by 20, with two dressing-rooms which can be turned into kitchen and library. Two Aladdin lamps light the stage. As a good proportion of the village is always either in the cast or helping to dress the actors the theatre is quite big enough. Each play generally runs at least three nights, and the theatre is not only self-supporting but pays sums for various charities, makes the W.I. a present now and again, and sends a promising member up to London to study really good acting on the London stage. Altogether it is one of the strongest reasons for that village being the place where stay-at-home hearts are happy.

UP WITH THE LARK

Early-Risers Among the Birds

WHO SINGS FIRST?

A census has lately been taken of early-risers, but lie-a-bed readers need not get alarmed; the early-risers are birds, not people.

The results have not all been sorted out, but Mr Noble Rollin, who has a bird research station at Glanton at the foot of the Cheviots and who organised the inquiry, hopes to find out from them not only which birds are the earliest risers, but whether it is a fact that bird song at dawn passes in waves over the land from east to west.

One listener took up a position near marshy ground outside Manchester, with a wood on one side, fields on the other, and a few houses with their gardens beyond, so that birds of various kinds were represented.

The First Wave of Song

At six minutes past two came the first wave of song, a thrush, a blackbird, and the chirp of a sparrow. It was only for a few minutes; then all was still again till just after 2.30, the blackbird and thrush sang louder and were joined by several chaffinches. By 2.40 this wave of song had died down, and there was silence. Another wave swelled and sank, and then, as the first pink of dawn lit up the clouds, the real morning chorus began, and the first lark rose from its bed in the fields.

Another lull, and at 3.42 another swell, with reed-bunting, whitethroat, and yellowhammer joining in. House sparrows woke up, the cuckoo called, song mingled with song in a grand chorus. At 4.15 the first rooks flew by. Five o'clock was fortissimo in the bird world, and the listener thought with regret (as most of us do when chance gives us the opportunity of attending bird matins) of the countless mornings when he had missed this glorious programme.

A Meeting at Midnight

A group of other listeners, 92 members of the British Empire Naturalists Association, decided that it would be easier not to go to bed at all. They met at midnight on the Surrey hills and, just as the B.B.C. puts on gramophone records to fill in gaps in the programme, so the nightingales entertained these naturalists with song till the morning chorus should begin. Although at 3.21 a hedge-sparrow twittered, here a lark was true to tradition in leading the chorus at 3.28.

It appears, therefore, that we must get up before half-past three if we want to rise with the lark, and, strangely enough, the cuckoo, whose vices are more apparent than its virtues, often succeeds in doing this.

TOBY AT THE HORSE SHOW

A Dog and His Friend

War horse veterans are to have their own parade at the International Horse Show in London from June 21 to June 30.

Among them will be Toby, a dog who never saw the war but has been allowed a place in the parade beside his great friend Bessie just to make them both happy.

Bessie, a bay mare, served in the 5th Dragoon Guards from October 1914 to February 1919, and was wounded three times. Toby lives in the same field with her at Hill Head, near Fareham, in Hampshire, and whenever they are separated they fret for each other.

That is why a dog is to be allowed a place in the International Horse Show this year. Toby will share Bessie's loose box, and when she parades so will he—in fact, wherever Bessie goes Toby will be sure to follow.

MORE EMPLOYMENT THAN ALMOST EVER

Counting Our Blessings

The Ministry of Labour gives us the most cheerful figures our country has known since 1929.

Except for a month or two of the boom year 1929, indeed, we have now more people earning wages than at any time in the last ten years.

The latest report is for May 14. On that day the unemployed numbered 2,098,381, which compares thus with previous counts:

May 22, 1933	2,582,879
January 22, 1934	2,389,068
April 23, 1934	2,148,195
May 14, 1934	2,098,381

A Year's Improvement—484,498

Between January and May this year there was a fall of about 300,000 in the unemployed, about 3000 for each working day, despite the addition to the registers of an unusually large number of children leaving school to seek work.

Turning to the insured persons at work we get a very cheerful record.

On May 14 the number was 10,187,000. This was 47,000 more than on April 23, and 570,000 more than on May 22, 1933.

The improvement shown by the May count was well distributed. Building, iron and steel, engineering, cotton, and shipbuilding were all better.

A SADLER'S WELLS SUCCESS

A Play To Help the Church

"I wish Dick Whittington (of whom I am the successor) and his cat were with me now," said the Lord Mayor of London during the interval of a performance of *The Rock*, a pageant play by T. S. Eliot with music by Martin Shaw, which has been the greatest success of the season at Sadler's Wells.

He was alluding to a charming ballet, an interlude in the play, when Dick and his cat danced with such gaiety and abandon that they brought the house down. It seemed appropriate that the Lord Mayor, wearing his golden chain and scarlet robes of medieval times, should be sitting looking on.

The Rock, which symbolises the Church, is a play written with a purpose, a reminder of the tremendous work done in the past by our ancestors in building London's churches. Many of our huge suburbs have schools, shops, cinemas, and all the advantages of modern civilisation, but too often people look in vain for what has hitherto been the heart and centre of every English community, the church. The idea of this play was to stir in those who saw it a sense of responsibility for seeing that the building of churches is not forgotten.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

A Little For the Hospital and Much Elsewhere

The Canadian Bill authorising hospital sweepstakes has been shelved for six months, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Justice, and the Leader of the Opposition letting it be known in no uncertain terms that they were against the Bill.

We are not surprised. A more wasteful form of collecting money we do not know. From Dublin comes the news that of the £3,000,000 paid into the last Grand National Sweepstake the hospitals received only a little under £552,000; that is to say, something like 3s 6d in the £ goes to charity after all this lavish display. It is a colossal waste.

A Heidelberg Students Corps which refused to expel its Jewish members has itself been expelled from all German student unions.

PRETTY BUT GREEDY

SEA-GOOSEBERRIES

Immense Numbers To Be Seen
Round Our Coasts

THE BITER BIT

By a Laboratory Correspondent

The sea just now is full of tiny clear globes, the so-called sea-gooseberries, relatives of the jelly-fish.

They are well named, for the common sea-gooseberry is in shape and size very like the fruit; but it is glasslike in transparency, and a charming object as it swims about by means of eight bands of fused hairs known as the combs. Although they can swim easily they are at the mercy of winds, waves, and currents and may be wafted about in all directions. They form an important part of the plankton, the floating life of the sea, and come and go at various times of year, often in shoals.

Movements and Structure

We sometimes see them at the water's edge, having been driven in by the tide. If we put one in a tumbler of water we can watch its movements and examine its structure. The mouth is underneath, and on each side of the globe is a pit containing a tentacle. The tentacles may be coiled up inside the pit, or extended so that they are many times the length of the body. These are for catching food and are armed with sticky cells which contain threads for entangling the live prey.

One would imagine that so dainty an animal would eat delicate food; but this is not so, for it is greedy and carnivorous and eats living things bigger than itself.

It is interesting to watch one capture its food. Swimming about slowly, long tentacles extended, it awaits the coming of some animal which may brush against it, a jelly-fish, worm, or a fish. As soon as it touches the tentacle the lasso cells (or glue cells) entangle it, and there is usually a struggle between captor and captive.

A sea-gooseberry was once observed catching a young pipe-fish quite three times its own length and very strong. There was a great fight, but the sea-gooseberry was stronger still, playing the fish and using the tentacle like the line of a skilful angler, the fish struggling violently until at last, at the end of half an hour, it was overcome.

Favourite Food

Newly-hatched herrings are a favourite food, and one may find the sea-gooseberries so packed with the baby fish that they hang out from the mouth. Sometimes they are stuffed full of the arrow-worms common in the plankton; sometimes they are full of the eggs of flat fish. So we see they are real enemies of our food fish.

The common sea-gooseberry does not have everything its own way, however, for it is often itself devoured by one of its cousins, the Beroe. This is a much larger animal, well known for its light-giving properties. It has no tentacles and is thimble-shaped, with a huge mouth covering the whole of the under-surface. It is usually pink in colour and is a very lovely object in the water. Beroe will swallow an enormous number of common sea-gooseberries, catching them with its large mouth until it is almost bursting.

Interesting creatures are these sea-gooseberries, with their beautiful forms and greedy ways.

HE SAVED 126 LIVES

Skipper W. H. J. Smith, who has just died at Hull, saved the lives of 126 Russians when the steamer *Tovaristch*, which was taking a party of miners to start a mining settlement in October 1931, ran ashore.

He was in charge of the trawler *Capel*, and manoeuvred his vessel alongside the stranded steamer.

THE BIRTH OF WORLDS OLD AND NEW THEORIES

Mysteries of the Beautiful
Nebulous Rings

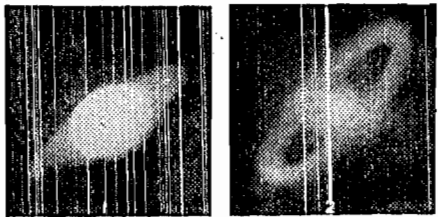
REVELATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

By the C.N. Astronomer

Among the most beautiful objects and fascinating problems of the heavens are the Planetary Nebulae.

There are about 150 known. They are all different, yet the great majority of them might be taken to illustrate the various stages of the development of our Solar System, according to the famous Nebular hypothesis as conceived by Laplace over a century before the marvellous details of the planetary nebulae or their significance were known.

Two examples out of a large number which might be adduced are illustrated on this page. They are drawn from photographs taken through powerful



Revolving planetary nebulae

telescopes. The first is about seven degrees north-west of Antares, appearing on the borders of the Milky Way. The nebula suggests an early stage of a solar system, and represents a colossal rotating mass of the elements in gaseous form, before there was any definite solar nucleus presented as a star.

The second picture shows a planetary nebula that exists about six and a half degrees north-east of Bellatrix in Orion. This nebula might be inferred to represent the former nebula in a later stage, showing Laplace's ring of nebulous matter, with the condensation within it already begun, which was later to form into a planet.

Here the primeval sun of such a youthful solar system appears as a star in the centre, with much nebulous material, also showing evidences of condensation into other worlds revolving round this central sun.

From such examples it might be supposed, therefore, that Laplace's nebular theory of the birth of worlds was proved. But certain mathematicians, a century after Laplace, have shown it to be impossible for the nebulous rings afterwards to condense and, as it were, roll up into planets; instead they must, if they ever existed, continue to revolve as particles, like those composing Saturn's famous Rings. This view, being supported by other apparently incontestable mathematical reasoning, has gained much support, to the discredit of Laplace's realistic and superb conception.

Astonishing Details

Now, while other and contending mathematical theories have taken its place, the astonishing details of the planetary nebulae have been revealed owing to the increased application of photography to the high powers now attained by great telescopes; so much evidence is likely to be thrown upon the early stages of immense masses of matter in a gaseous state and apparently evolving into planetary and solar systems.

Thus it is just possible that Laplace's magnificent and impressive theory may yet be confirmed in modified form. The question arises, May there not be some factor remaining to be discovered, as, for instance, in this fertile field of the planetary nebulae, which will supply the necessary evidence for worlds being evolved from a primeval nebula?

The more recent hypothesis of Dynamic Encounter and the contending tidal and planetesimal forms of it to explain the origin of worlds will be considered in relation to the evidence of planetary nebulae in later issues of the C.N.

G. F. M.

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Lead, Kindly Light

JUNE 16

John Henry Newman is said to have written this beautiful hymn when becalmed in the Strait of Bonifacio on June 16, 1833, when on a Mediterranean voyage with his father and Hurrell Froude. Most of Newman's smaller poems were written during this voyage.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path;
but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not
past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and
lost awhile.

THE DAILY PERIL

Increasing Danger of Our Roads MAGISTRATES BEYOND ALL UNDERSTANDING

By a Correspondent

Surely, in all the dread history of road accidents, there has never before been recorded in the same short space of time so many horrifying casualties as have occurred in the last few weeks.

It is only too clear that the legislation now in progress has made no impression on the worst type of motorists. Observation on many roads reveals a wanton disregard of life, whether of men, dogs, or birds.

The worst of the cases have been collisions at high speed between motor-cars, motor-lorries, motor-cycles, and pedal cyclists. Not rarely two to six people are hurt in one collision.

Worst of all, the cases of motorists killing and maiming and running away from their victims are increasing.

We appeal to the Minister of Transport to strengthen his Bill by drastic increase of penalty and by denying power of indulgence to motoring magistrates. One of the gravest perils before the country is the laxity of our magistrates in dealing with road-hogs. It is beyond understanding that so many motorists escape punishment in cases which shock the public mind.

HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY

Jack, a white house-dog owned by the Vicar of Pennal, near Aberdovey, has celebrated his 21st birthday.

Despite his great age he is still guardian of the rectory and able to do all those odd jobs in which an intelligent house-dog takes such delight.

He never fails to take his master's paper to the study.

Jack knows the meaning of church bells, and watches for his master's departure to the services. Recently he has looked pathetically in the faces of his master and mistress, for he is losing his hearing and misses the chimes.

BLUE POND FOR THE PENGUINS

THE SURPRISE PACKET
FROM MALAYA

Friendly Fights That Were
Misunderstood

THE APE AND THE KANGAROO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's penguins are now thoroughly at home in the new enclosure built specially for them on the site between the wolves' dens and the Lion House.

This enclosure is designed to emphasise the grotesque movements of penguins, and consists of a long, elliptical-shaped pond surrounded first by a ledge like the edge of a swimming-bath, and then by a curved wall on which visitors can comfortably lean their arms.

The ledge round the pond is furnished with nesting-boxes, and other fittings in the enclosure consist of steps and curved diving-slides. High up in the enclosure is a tank in which one of the penguins demonstrates how these quaint birds behave under water.

A Most Original Effect

The pond is painted bright blue, and its shape is planned to magnify the cries of the penguins, to give shelter from the Sun, and to give the public the best view of the exhibits. The effect is most original, and the penguins seem to be properly impressed by their new home.

The Zoo had a pleasant surprise when a travelling-box containing a 10-foot hamadryad from Malaya was opened.

This reptile was captured while guarding a nest of 33 eggs, and when she was packed for the journey to this country these were placed by her side on a bed of leaves and fern. Every effort was made to keep the snake and her eggs at a steady temperature during the journey in the hope that the family would hatch; but still it was a surprise for the Zoo when the box was opened and 33 baby hamadryads raised their hooded heads.

The adult hamadryad, or king cobra, is a brownish olive-green, but the youngsters, who vary in length from 18 to 20 inches, are brightly marked in dark green and cream. The characteristic cobra hood is perfectly developed, and all of them are eager to make use of what poison they have in their fangs.

A Pig-Tailed Monkey

Other additions to the Zoo's nursery are an American bison and a pig-tailed monkey. Other newcomers are two giant chameleons that look like miniature editions of some prehistoric monster, a tame little hedgehog, and a galago which is new to the Zoo's collection. They were captured in Tanganyika.

One of the strange friendships at the Zoo has had to be dissolved owing to misplaced sympathy. For over two years a silvery gibbon ape and a tree kangaroo had shared a den and been devoted playmates. They never had a single dispute, but in the course of their games the gibbon frequently swung on the kangaroo's strong tail and playfully bit it, while the kangaroo would slap the ape and pretend to scratch him with his claws, and unfortunately these little tricks were mistaken for warfare. The Zoo received so many complaints about the cruelty of keeping a gibbon and a kangaroo in the same den that it was at last decided to separate them.

ONE BRIGHTER SPOT

The Trade Peace with Russia is bearing fruit for both parties.

Russian orders placed here in April were valued at £1,223,000 as compared with only £162,000 in April last year. For the first four months of 1934 the orders were £3,500,000 as compared with £1,434,000 last year.

The goods bought range from machinery to textiles, and from rubber to tea.

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the best
embroidery
use



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CALLING FROM DOOR TO DOOR

THE INDIAN PEDLAR AMONG US

Making a Small Fortune in the British Isles

AND BUILDING UP TALES TO TELL AT HOME

By an Indian Correspondent

It is estimated that there are over 1500 Indian pedlars in the British Isles.

They carry on a very interesting door-to-door trade, and are able to make enough money to keep themselves in board and lodging over here and to remit a satisfactory amount to their people at home.

Most of the pedlars come from the villages of the Punjab and are in the majority of cases Mohammedans, while the rest are Sikhs. They are found not only in towns like Newcastle, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Sheffield, and Bristol, but in quieter towns like Norwich, Ipswich, and Lowestoft.

Where the Trade Flourishes

They usually live together, eight of them sharing two rooms, and preparing their food according to their religious scruples when the day's work is done.

There exists among them a very tacit understanding that they do not intrude on the pitches of one another. These pitches usually mean a number of villages within a certain area. It is in rural areas that their trade flourishes. With their suitcases in their hands they exhibit with great patience and persuasion, in their rough English, the wares they carry. These include multi-coloured cloths and scarves, handkerchiefs and ties, articles of clothing, and other personal and household effects. They retain their custom of bargaining, and invariably succeed in pleasing the customer and themselves!

They Never Touch Alcohol

As they do not eat very much meat they try to barter their goods for vegetables. Once a week, however, they indulge in a meat diet and invest in either a couple of chickens or a goat: they would touch neither beef nor pork. Moreover the animals have to be killed according to their own religious practice, and for this purpose they usually go to the official slaughter-house. They never pay cash for their purchases.

The personal habits of these Indian pedlars are very creditable. Very few of them get involved in any sort of trouble. They never touch alcohol. They are to be seen in all kinds of remote places, even in the outlying villages of Southern Ireland. The usual term of peddling is three years, and at the end of it they return to their native land and take up the plough. Sitting by the village well they relate their adventures, inspiring others to come over and make a little fortune in the British Isles.

TOO MANY BACKWARD FIRMS

More Electrical Power Wanted

It is surprising that trade revival has not filled with orders the books of the great electrical engineering firms.

The newly-issued report of one of them says that the drop in the company's business in 1932, due to the adverse economic conditions in 1931, continued during 1933, the turnover of which year was only 55 per cent of that of 1931.

The truth is that thousands of firms owning plant which ought to be electrified continue to pollute the city air with their smoking and wasteful chimney-stacks. The nation needs to overhaul its machinery and the Treasury might well help the movement by a remission of taxation.

FRIEND OF SOCRATES

Alcibiades in the Auction Room

24 CENTURIES AGO

American excavators have discovered in Athens what is believed to be a catalogue of the goods of Alcibiades when they were put up for auction 2400 years ago.

Alcibiades was a relative of Pericles and was a man of outstanding ability who disgraced his youth by wild living. He was a friend of Socrates, who saved his life at the Battle of Potidea. Socrates tried hard to win the youth to the paths of virtue, and, though Socrates was not successful, Alcibiades saved the life of Socrates at the Battle of Delium eight years after.

After this Alcibiades took a leading part in public affairs, and advocated an expedition to Sicily as a step to the conquest of Italy and Carthage by the Athenians. He was appointed to the command of this expedition when a mysterious piece of vandalism was perpetrated on some sculpture much loved by the Athenians.

Brilliant But Unstable

Alcibiades was accused by his enemies as having been responsible, and, though he asked for a trial before he set sail, his enemies refused him this right. Yet they recalled him from Sicily to stand a trial. He managed to escape on his way back to Athens and joined Sparta, at that time the chief enemy of Athens. Tried in his absence, sentence of death was passed on him and his property was confiscated. Perhaps this newly-discovered catalogue relates to the auction then held.

Alcibiades deserted his new friends and was recalled to Athens, where he was appointed commander-in-chief, but yet again he was exiled. He was eventually assassinated.

He was a brilliant Greek, but historians are agreed that he was a man of very unstable character, yet his name will always be remembered because he was one of the friends of Socrates.

INDIA PAYS BACK

A Parcel For Lancashire

For several years the scholars of a Sunday School in Lancashire had been sending gifts of money to a girl's school in Madras.

Last year no help came, and the Principal wrote to the Lady Superintendent reminding her of the annual gift. "Alas!" went the reply, "we are unable to send any help this year. Unemployment is rife. The parents of most of our children are out of work. The mills are lying idle. In some homes there is even no coal in the hearth. Several children have no warm clothes to wear."

The Principal read out the sad message to her Indian girls. "Never mind," they said; "tell them not to worry about us. Can we do anything for them? Let us send them some warm clothing."

So in the heat of Madras the Indian girls learned how to knit woollen jumpers, scarves, and pullovers. They worked hard and even in their playtime, and were able to send a big parcel to their friends in Lancashire.

SHE WAITED 50 YEARS

Miss Sarah McDonald has been presented with a wireless set and a cheque in recognition of her 50 years of service as a waitress.

She started work at a Manchester restaurant when she was 18, in the days when Lancashire's cotton leaders were driven about Manchester in horse-drawn carriages by drivers in plumed hats; and she served there until a few weeks ago.

GREEN SPACES FOR EVER

London as a Belted City

It is great news that London officials, representing the L.C.C. and the City Corporation, have been making an aerial survey of Greater London with a view to planning the extension of open spaces to be kept green for ever.

For long years reformers have pleaded for the formation of green belts round all our townships, to prevent the straggling of houses into the countryside, and to give ample breathing spaces to crowded centres of population. The thing could have been done cheaply 30 or 40 years ago, and even today it can be accomplished at a price small in relation to the benefits purchased.

We enter a plea for bold and prompt treatment of the London part of the problem, for the Outer Metropolis is growing apace, and valuable time has been lost.

Let every British town aim at securing a green belt and take thought to plan in advance the regional development of the areas adjoining the belt. That done the crowded centres could be partly emptied out into new and better cities possessing ample means of communication.

THE BIRD AND THE BUS

A Friend on the Roosevelt Highway

The Roosevelt Highway runs among the hills along the beautiful Californian coast, and the Christian Science Monitor has recently told a delightful story of an unusual friendship on this road.

A motor-bus runs between Long Beach and San Diego, near the Mexican border, and one day a passenger was surprised to see a lovely grey-and-white dove appear and fly close to the driver's open window.

When the dove appeared the driver said, "There's my bird," and explained that the dove accompanied his bus nearly every day, leaving him before he reached his destination, but often joining the bus for the return journey in the afternoon. The bird flew steadily so near that the driver could easily have touched it; indeed, he did put out his arm inviting the dove to alight, but, though showing no fear, it evidently did not wish to take a ride for which it could not pay.

"Do you ever feed him?" inquired a passenger.

"No," said the driver. "I just like him, and I guess he likes me. Anyway, he is pretty faithful to my bus."

MORE GOOD NEWS

New Zealand Better Off

New Zealand's tens of thousands of farmers, who own a total of 30 million sheep, have received more than twice as much for their wool this season as last, and three times as much as two years ago.

When the final wool sales of the New Zealand season were held in April it was stated that wool sold had realised a total sum of over £10,000,000, as compared with only £4,240,000 in 1932, and £3,523,000 in 1931.

The reason for this wonderful increase is that the price of wool has doubled or trebled during the past year. Prices for wool are back to what they were before the depression began, and so New Zealand is another £6,000,000 better off.

THE PRICE OF TWO WORDS

Two words found written on the title page of a Prayer Book lying among other old books in the basement of a London bookshop have raised its value from a few pence to about £250.

They are: Samuel Johnson, 1730.

THE CHEERFUL LEPERS

Toc H's New Work

THE BAND THAT NEVER MARCHES

A few weeks ago we were telling how Toc H is preparing to answer the challenge of leprosy, and of the fine response to the appeal that was made for volunteer workers.

Now we have the report for last year of the Leprosy Relief Association, with which Toc H and the missionary societies are working.

The report confirms that this tragic disease is preventable and that the position is hopeful. The association has been finding much greater practical sympathy everywhere, and, best of all, hundreds of sufferers are completely cured each year.

A Happy Settlement

Among the happiest of the settlements for the treatment of lepers must be the Cochin State Leper Asylum of the Salvation Army, of which we hear from Superintendent Thompson. As soon as the spade work had been done and the workers organised there, only three years ago, Ensign Edwin Francis began to think out ways of making life more enjoyable for his 300 patients. His knowledge of the great part music plays in the lives of Indians gave him the idea of forming a band, but it would mean teaching the lads music.

How could he explain to them the values of different notes? This was accomplished by making use of the monetary system; a semi-breve was equivalent to one rupee, a minim to eight annas, a crotchet to four annas, and so on.

To the great joy of everyone 1000 rupees were given by a well-wisher, and with this sum second-hand regimental instruments and uniforms were bought. It was no simple matter to allot the instruments, for some of the apparently healthy patients could not blow, while others whose nerves were affected could not feel the valves. But in the end the daily practices began.

The Cochin Anthem

A few months later the Chief Medical Officer of the State paid a visit to the colony and reported that the leper band played the Cochin Anthem as well as the State band.

The young players, in spite of the fact that they are known as the Band That Never Marches, are enthusiastic, and were anxious to give their usual Sunday performance on Easter Sunday, so the assistant leader drew up a programme for the occasion, taking it to the superintendent for approval. Mr Thompson was surprised to see the entry: He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Why that? he asked, and the answer came: Well, we were taught this for the General's visit; we played it many times, and were told it was an extra special, and so we thought it would be the best for celebrating the Resurrection.

THE SKYWAY TRAIN

A tug with a string of barges in tow is a common enough sight on waterways, and the future will probably know a somewhat similar spectacle common in the skyways.

A successful experiment has just been made in Russia, where a monoplane with three gliders in tow has flown from Moscow to Koktobel in the Crimea, a journey of more than a thousand miles. An aerial train like this requires a great deal of space for taking-off, but it has great advantages, for gliders laden with mails and goods for certain towns can be slipped from the main train without loss of time.

GROWTH OF A BABY INDUSTRY

A Factory Turns Out 100,000 Tractors

RUSSIA MOVING ON

Stalingrad in Russia now boasts the production at its tractor works of the 100,000th machine.

Let us think what this means as an object-lesson in industry. When the giant factory was built the thing had to be done by men unused to such work; yet it was completed in less than a year. Youth and enthusiasm had to serve, for experience there was none.

Surely we need not be surprised at that, for in the war we built in England new industries and staffed them with people, including many women and girls, who had never done such work before. What Russia does is to enlist in peace the enthusiasm we found in war.

In July 1930 the factory produced only five tractors; in January 1931 the number was 602; in December of that year the output rose to 2725. In 1933 the output was 40,000, and now the 100,000 mark has been passed. Imports of tractor parts ceased in 1933, and Russia now produces all the materials and parts. The investment is put at 200 million roubles; the income at 100 million roubles. All this means more food in the future.

EMPIRE TRADE GROWS Great Advantages of the British Trader

Do we yet realise the great advantage the British trader has over all his foreign competitors? He has for a special market a fourth of the whole world and a fourth of its people.

Throughout the British Empire the English language can be used to obtain trade with Empire citizens. In every climate British goods can be sold under the most favourable conditions.

We buy more and more from the Britains over the seas. In the old days three-quarters of our supplies came from foreign countries; now we get forty per cent of imports from British countries and sixty from foreign countries.

When it comes to selling British goods abroad we place over 44 per cent of our exports in British countries, a great advance on the old position.

Ever since 1924 the trade with British countries has grown—imports from 31 to 39 per cent and exports from 41 to 44 per cent.

Doubtless further advance could be made if we realised our position.

A KINDLY SPIRIT OF OTHER DAYS

Still Working in the World

The other day 50 girls stood admiring the fine High Force waterfall near Middleton-in-Teesdale, enthusiastically enjoying the scenery.

Evidently the world was not so much with them that they were out of tune for the appreciation of Nature.

A passer-by who saw their happiness inquired where they came from, and found that these girls lived in the poorest part of Sunderland. Their holiday was the result of someone else's love of Nature, of someone else's imagination, strong enough to understand the relief of such a respite from the uninspiring town atmosphere.

Another party will have the same joyful experience during the summer, for Isaac and Margaret Laing left enough money for 100 girls from the poor parts of Sunderland to be taken to Middleton each year.

FACE THE TRAFFIC

The Pavement Rule in Berlin

TEACHING BY FINES

We wish pedestrians in England could be taught as quickly as they are being taught in Berlin.

Nazi Germany has a swift way of doing things, appalling when turned in the direction of persecution, but sometimes worth copying in other ways; and Berlin's pavement rule is something the C.N. has asked for over and over again.

As our rule of the road is reversed in Germany and traffic keeps to the right, so pedestrians have been told that they must keep to the right, which means that those on the outside of the pavement face the oncoming traffic as they would do if they kept to the left in England. The great thing is to *Face the Traffic*, and Berlin pedestrians are being taught this through their pocket.

The other day no fewer than 1607 Berliners were fined, 207 received summonses, and 7786 were verbally warned by the police. When this has gone on for a short time they will realise that walking is easier, quicker, and less dangerous with a pavement rule. They must also cross the street at right angles and not diagonally, and they must not hang about at street corners getting in everybody's way.

If everybody who reads this makes a point of Facing the Traffic when walking that would at least be a start in England.

JOSEPH CONRAD

A Very Fine Remembrance

Lovers of that great writer Joseph Conrad have given him a fine memorial in New York.

It is a library attached to the Seamen's Church Institute in South Street and dedicated to the Pole who became one of the greatest writers of English.

The most striking thing in it is a great ship's figurehead carved in the likeness of the sailor writer. It is more than life-size and is the work of a British artist, Miss Dora Clarke.

On the walls are some notable paintings of sailing ships, including a picture of Conrad's last ship, the *Torrens*, given by Charles Robert Patterson.

Books of every kind stand on the shelves, so that the sailor who wants a marine book, and the one who wants a good novel, and the one who wants a new book of philosophy, can all have what they want.

There could hardly be a more appropriate way of commemorating a man who loved the sea and books so well. It would have pleased him to think that his fellow-seamen should enjoy this peaceful bookish place for his sake. And far better than marble or bronze would this sailor have liked the ship's figurehead, which enables people to know what he looked like, and to think of him as a familiar friend instead of a mere name.

ARMoured MINERS

Precious Lives To Be Saved

We drew attention not long ago to the great saving of life and limb in certain American mines through the adoption of helmets, special boots, goggles, gauntlets, and other forms of safety clothing.

We are glad to learn that some 20,000 British miners are now regularly wearing helmets. This, however, is a mere fraction of what needs to be done, and the Mines Safety Research Board is studying the details. We hope they have sent to America for samples of the devices successfully adopted there.

Mine injuries now affect the majority of our 800,000 miners, and most of the accidents are preventable.

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Dr. Barnardo's Homes are making their Annual Appeal for 400,000 Half-Crowns for Food for the largest family in the world. It equals a Town in size—8,500 Boys and Girls; 1,401 are helpless Babies and Toddlers under 5. Over 25,000 meals have to be provided every day.

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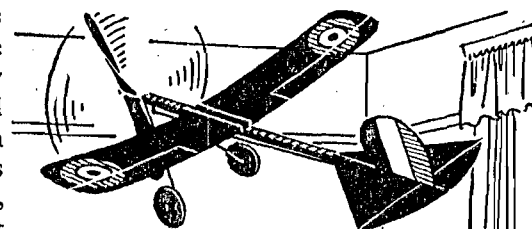
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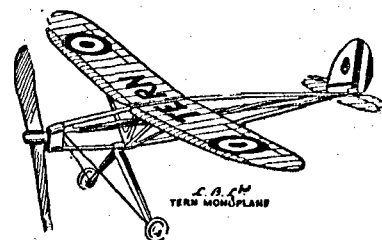
This strong and speedy monoplane will give you days of pleasure on your flying ground. The Tern Monoplane has been specially made to withstand the rigours of flying. Ready in a moment. Flies 200 feet. Wing span 15 inches. And just look at its low price! Get it now, at your nearest toyshop.

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THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 39

The Last Lap

For a moment Neil sat quite still and silent. No food, no water, and he was thirsty already.

"I'm a perfect fool," Archie went on bitterly. "My head's like a sieve. Neil, I ought to be kicked."

"Then you'll have to kick yourself, Archie," said Neil. "And me too, for I ought to have reminded you." He laughed. "Don't look so sad, old man. We shan't die. With this wind we ought to be ashore about lunch-time."

Archie shook his head. "It's decent of you to take it like that, but yesterday you said we might take two days."

"If we do Renny will nab us long before we get there," laughed Neil. "Listen, Archie, this is awkward, but it isn't so serious as you think. I believe the wind will hold, and if it doesn't get too strong I think we can keep ahead of the launch. In that case we'll be ashore before dark and then we'll have the finest supper money can buy."

Archie cheered up a little and looked again at the launch. He watched her for some time and turned to Neil.

"She's sailing faster than the dinghy and yet she doesn't seem able to gain a bit," he said, with a puzzled face.

"That's because she can't point into the wind as we do," Neil explained. "Renny is trying to hold her on the same course that we are on, and as you say she is travelling faster than the dinghy. But she's making leeway all the time. I mean she's drifting sideways a foot for every six or seven she goes forward. Do you get me, Archie?"

Archie nodded. "I see. I suppose it's her high side catches the wind."

"Partly that and partly her build. She hasn't as much keel as this dinghy. If the wind fell light we should gain."

"I wish it would," began Archie, then paused. "But if it did," he went on, "we might not get to land for hours, perhaps not before dark."

"That's a fact," agreed Neil, "and that would be awkward, for I don't know much about the coast. But from the sky I think the breeze will hold. It may even strengthen. I hope it doesn't for, if we had to reef down, we shouldn't stand much show. Hulloa, here's a puff." He threw the dinghy into it and she lay down and cut through the water. While it lasted the dinghy gained fast, but as soon as the squall reached the launch she soon made up her leeway.

So it went. Neil sailed the dinghy with such skill that, do what he would, Renny could not come up. Another hour passed, the Sun rose higher and it got quite hot. Neil's throat was growing very dry but he said nothing. In fact, the excitement of the chase did not give him much time to think of anything else. By ten o'clock the outlines of the mainland were getting clearer.

"There's Ben Liah," Neil said, pointing.

"It looks quite close," said Archie.

"It isn't more than twenty miles away. If I could let the dinghy run free we could be ashore quite early in the afternoon. The trouble is that I have to be edging into the wind all the time. It makes the passage ever so much longer and we shall land up miles south of Mulzie."

Midday came. The breeze had fallen light but was steady. The sea was slight. Renny still hung on but, do what he would, could not gain. The coast was now only four or five miles away, and a little to the south the boys saw a wide bay with muddy shores.

"That looks the sort of place we could land," said Archie.

Neil was doubtful. "I can't see a house," he answered. "It's a most desolate-looking spot. I was hoping to see a town or village. We should be all right then. Renny wouldn't dare to touch us if there were people about."

"There may be houses farther up," said Archie hopefully. "Anyhow it's the only place for us. The rest of the coast is all rocks. I say, the boat's sailing well but we don't seem to be getting on very fast."

"Tide's against us," Neil told him. "Ebb's running out strongly."

It was nearly four in the afternoon when the dinghy entered the bay.

"Hain't we better land?" Archie asked.

Neil pointed to the wide mud flats bared by the receding tide.

"How are we going to cross those? We should be in up to our necks."

Archie groaned, and Neil knew what the trouble was: he himself was so thirsty that it hurt when he breathed. It was now 22 hours since either of them had swallowed a drop of anything liquid. Once more he glanced round and what he saw gave him a shock. The launch had caught a strong puff and was coming up hand over fist. She was less than half a mile away. The dinghy lay almost becalmed.

"Get the oars out, Archie. Pull!" cried Neil.

Archie had the oars in the rowlocks in no time, but though he pulled desperately the launch still gained. In the nick of time the dinghy caught the puff of wind and then she too began to move. Yet though she seemed to be tearing through the water the drag of the tide made the banks pass terribly slowly. The water ran out fast, the mudbanks widened, while the channel grew more and more narrow.

"We're in the mouth of a river," Neil said at last. "I don't like it, Archie. There's not a house in sight and how we are to cross that mud I can't guess."

Cut off by the land the breeze fell light again and presently the launch once more drew up. This time both the boys had to take to the oars.

Neil's breath was wheezing in his throat, the last drops of moisture in his parched body were streaming down his face and still he pulled desperately. The launch was so close he could see Renny's triumphant face.

"The mud, Archie," he croaked. "Pull for the mud."

CHAPTER 40

The Lonely House

THEY turned the boat toward the mud. It was a forlorn hope for, even if they reached it before the launch there did not seem any way of crossing it.

The dinghy's bow bedded itself in the bank. It was simply slime; it would be suicide to try to land on it. So they were caught after all.

Came a shout from Archie. "The launch! She's stopped, Neil."

Neil looked round. There was the launch only about twenty yards away, but stock still. Jupp and Renny were desperately at work with long poles trying to push her off the mudbank on which she had stuck.

"Hard aground," muttered Neil. "That gives us our chance, Archie. Pull!"

Renny called to them.

"You think you've beaten me, Forsyth. Don't be too sure. I still have a card up my sleeve." He spoke with a nasty certainty which gave Neil a queer, chilly feeling. But Archie was not at all impressed.

"You can't bluff us, Renny," he cried.

"Goodbye. We'll never see you again unless it's in the dock." Renny made no answer, just stood watching them as they rowed quickly away. Yet the look on his face made Neil very uneasy.

"He's right, Archie," he said. "The beggar has some plan in his mind. I wish I knew where we were or where we were going. I tell you straight I don't like this place. We may be pulling into some blind end that we can't get out of."

The channel narrowed fast, with high banks of grey mud on either side which cut off all sight of the surrounding country, but the water was fairly deep. A curve shut out all sight of the launch, and the only sign of life was a flock of dunlins feeding on the mud.

They went on and on until Neil's tongue was like a dry stick in his mouth. By Archie's breathing Neil knew that he was in just the same plight, yet Archie never uttered a word of complaint. Looking back over his shoulder, Neil saw a wall of mud ahead.

"A blind end," he muttered. Was this what Renny had meant? Did he know they would be stranded here in this open boat without food or water? He looked at Archie, but Archie's face was set in dogged lines. "We'll have to cross the mud—somehow," he said.

"Pull on to the end," Neil told him. "We'll have a look at it, anyhow."

The tide was now full ebb, and the water in the channel lay stagnant. In a little while the flood would begin, and then Renny could follow them. It was a horrible fix, and for once Neil felt almost despairing. A hoarse call from Archie roused him.

"There's a channel, Neil. It runs to the south. I believe there's enough water to float us. Anyhow, it's worth trying."

The mouth of the channel was narrow, and it ran between steep banks of mud quite six feet high. There was barely room to dip the oars, yet water enough to float the dinghy. The channel wound in and out among the mudbanks. At every turn Neil hoped for a glimpse of dry land, but they went on and on and yet there was none. At last the banks began to look drier and patches of thrift were seen growing on them. Then, all of a sudden, they came out into a small loch and both pulled up and stared round in astonishment. Archie was the first to find his voice.

"A house, Neil!" he exclaimed.

"A burn," retorted Neil, pointing to a rill of water that came down the slope opposite and tumbled into the loch. Without another word they both dipped their oars and pulled straight for the burn. The loch was very small, only about a quarter of a mile long, and it was but a few minutes before the bow of the dinghy crunched on the shingle by the little tumbling waterfall. Both were out in a flash and down on their knees by the water.

Archie drank in great gulps, but Neil stopped him.

"Go slow," he warned him. "You'll get cramp in your tummy if you drink too much at once."

Archie nodded and stopped awhile. Presently they both stood up.

"I feel all made over," said Archie. "Gosh, I never knew before how good cold water could be."

"You never needed it so badly," said Neil. Now what about the house?"

"Rum-looking place," said Archie.

It certainly was a queer-looking building. In the first place, one was driven to wonder what anyone could want with building a house in such a lonely spot. It was not a farm, for there was not a square yard of cultivated ground, and Neil did not think it was a lodge, because the low hills behind had little heather. Therefore, there were no grouse. Nor was there any fishing. The only sport would be wild-fowling on the marshes.

It did not look like a lodge, either. It was too old. Nearly all the Scottish shooting lodges have been built in the last century, but this house looked as if it had weathered two and perhaps three centuries. Nor was it any marshallman's cottage. It was much too big for that.

"No one there," said Archie.

Neil nodded. "It doesn't look as if anyone had lived in it for ages," he agreed. See the garden? One mass of nettles."

"I don't like the look of it," said Archie, frowning.

"A bit ghostly," Neil allowed. "Still, it's the only house in sight. And it'll be shelter. I think it's going to rain."

They started and rowed across. The house was quite close to the water's edge, and there was a landing-stage built of stone, with steps up. They tied the dinghy to an iron ring set in the solid masonry, and went up the steps.

The nearer they came to the old house the grimmer it looked. The outside was perfectly bare, no ivy or creepers of any sort, and the windows were small. The glass was still in them, but it was so dirty that it was impossible to see through. The front door was of ancient oak and iron bound, the roof was thick blue slates. A soft veil of cloud had covered the sky and in the grey light the place had a wretchedly dreary look.

"Gives me creeps," growled Archie, as he turned the door handle. "Locked, I reckon," he grumbled; but to his surprise it was not locked, and opened with a creak of rusty hinges.

Inside was a small square hall thick with dust. The only furniture left was a moth-eaten stag's head above the stone fireplace. A swing door from which hung fragments of green baize opened into a passage at the end of which was the kitchen. The rusty range was full of ashes. There were shelves and a pump, but no other furniture. Neil examined the fireplace.

"There's been a fire here not so long ago," he said. "These ashes are fresh."

"Don't see any coal," Archie answered.

"They've been burning peat. Let's try the yard. We might find something to burn. It wouldn't be so bad if we had a good fire."

A door opened into a yard with out-buildings and a stable. Neil found a store of peat in a shed. "Dry as dust," he said, as he began to fill an old box with the stuff. "Still, it will burn."

"And here's some straw in the loft," Archie called from above. "We can make a shake-down."

They were turning back to the house when the silence was broken by the strangest sound, a dreadful, desolate moaning. Archie pulled up short. "What's that?" he asked in a shaken voice.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO DOES THE STAR TURN

JACKO's nose was quite put out of joint when Chimp was asked to recite at a local entertainment. He felt worse when Adolphus was asked to play the piano and he was not.

"Some folks have mighty poor taste," he sniffed indignantly, striding beside his brother to the concert hall.

"You should stick to your practising,"

Hot and flustered, Adolphus grabbed the sheet and accidentally tore it right across.

"You clown, Jacko!" he muttered, banging the piano to drown his voice.

"Watch your job, and look slippery!"

"Right-o, I will," murmured Jacko.

He did, but not for long. When the end of the next page was reached he was



Jacko went flying over the edge

my dear boy," retorted Adolphus loftily. "Anyway, you can turn my music over if you want to do something," he added.

When Adolphus appeared on the platform Jacko left his seat at the back of the hall, marched up with a swagger, and sat down beside the piano.

"Lummy! What's young Jackass think he's going to do?" uttered a small boy in the front row.

His companions giggled. "Anything he likes so long as he doesn't sing!" replied another in a loud whisper.

Jacko heard them and turned round to glare. He glared so hard and so long that he didn't notice when his brother reached the bottom of a page.

so busy studying the audience that the music was again forgotten.

This time Adolphus turned the page over so quickly that it shot on the floor, and left him floundering about trying to play from memory. Suddenly he ended up with such a flourish that his elbow caught Jacko in the ribs and sent him sprawling.

"Help!" shrieked Jacko, trying to scramble up quickly and turning a somersault instead. Whizz-bang! The next moment he went flying over the edge of the platform!

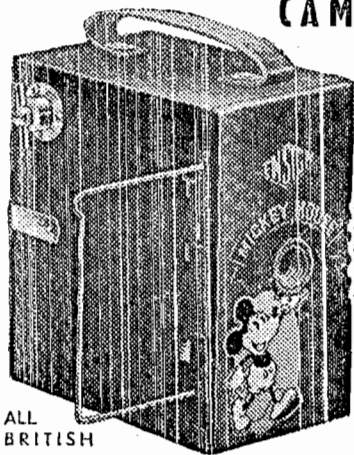
Luckily he hurt nothing more than his dignity, but during the laughter that followed Jacko slipped out of sight.

Great News...

--boys
and girls
--here's the
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DO YOU KNOW—

Why coal burns and not a stone?

When the element silicon is burned it makes stone or rock, and once burned the stone naturally cannot be burned again. But coal is made mainly of carbon which has not been burned, and can, therefore, be lighted, as you've seen when coal is put on the fire at home.



Why you shiver when you are cold?

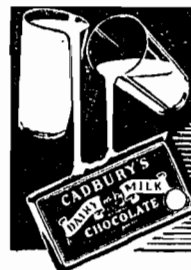
When you shiver on a cold morning nature is warning you. Just as, when you feel hungry, your body is telling you it requires food, so when you shiver, your body is warning you that it needs warming. Shivering makes us aware of the cold when we might not have noticed it, and so gives us the chance to protect ourselves by getting near a fire, by brisk walking, or by putting on more clothes.



How much Milk goes into Cadburys Milk Chocolate?

When you take your twopence to your sweetshop you probably ask for a 2 oz. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. The milk Cadburys use to make this chocolate comes from hundreds of British Dairy Farms. Rich, full-cream dairy milk, which is poured into the chocolate at the wonderful Cadburys factories in the country. And Cadburys are generous. Actually a glass and a half of this

delicious creamy milk goes into every ½ lb. block of Milk Chocolate; half a tea-cup of this milk goes into every 2 oz. block. So now you know exactly how much milk goes into your twopennyworth of chocolate.



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2 oz. block 2d.

4 oz. block 4d.

Where the Rainbow ends?

A rainbow seems to come right down and touch the earth, and there are stories about finding the rainbow's end. But it ends nowhere, for it is a mere appearance in the sky, due to tiny drops of water, and the rainbow finishes where the drops of water end that are so placed as to reflect the sunlight in this way to our eyes.



Why a river is always moving?

The water of a river, like everything else on the surface of the earth, is always being pulled as near as possible to the centre of the earth by gravitation. Therefore, the river is always moving down to the place which is nearest to the earth's centre, and this, of course, is the sea.

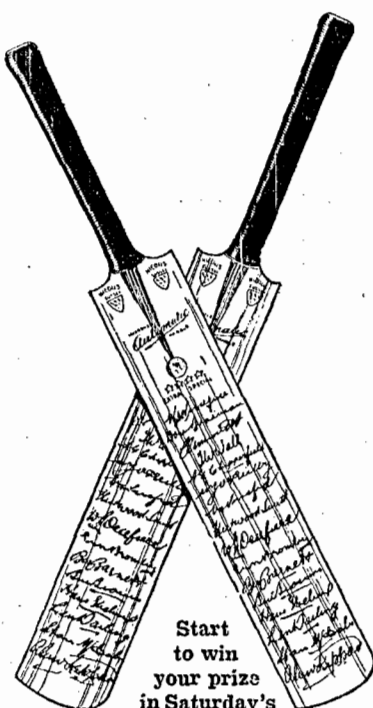


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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 16, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

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THE BRAN TUB

What Time?

CAN you kindly tell me the time? asked one man of another the other day.

"Well," replied the man asked, who was something of a wit and also prided himself on his mathematical knowledge, "three-quarters of an hour ago it was exactly twice as many minutes past four o'clock as it now wants to six o'clock."

What time was it?

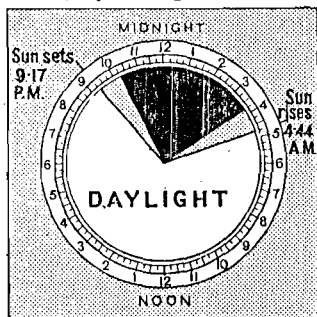
Answer next week

High Winds

A GUST of wind with a velocity of 231 miles an hour was recorded recently at the observatory on Mount Washington, U.S.A., which is 6288 feet above sea-level. During five minutes the average was 188 miles an hour.

In the British Isles there is a record of a gust of 112 miles an hour—in County Clare, Ireland, 14 years ago.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 16. The daylight gets longer until June 22, which is the longest day.

Find the Animals

THE clues below represent the names of eight animals.

To carry. Depart and preposition. Live and state. Put on and solution. University degree and favour. Gasp and pronoun. Insect and run away. Tree, spoil, and number.

Can you find out what they are?

Answer next week

The Candle Wick

HAVE you noticed that the wick of a candle consists of a plaited material? This is usually cotton yarn and it is treated with a chemical solution.

In olden days the wick consisted of strands of cotton twisted together and as the wick burned the charred remains of it often choked the flame.

It is said that the idea of the plaited wick, which burns so cleanly, was the suggestion of a Mrs Upton of Geelong in Australia,

wife of a candle manufacturer. The plaited wick proved an immediate success, and although the manufacturer did not patent the idea it brought him a fortune.

Ici On Parle Français



Les patins Un épagneul La tablette
Skates Spaniel Shelf

J'ai mes patins, je vais patiner.
L'épagneul est un bon compagnon.
Mettez les pots sur la tablette.

Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in palace but not in house,
My second's in pheasant but not in grouse,
My third is in thimble but not in thread,
My fourth is in tremble but not in dread,
My fifth is in river but not in wave,
My sixth is in victor but not in brave,
My seventh's in saddle but not in rein,
My eighth is in cudgel but not in cane,
My ninth is in seeing but not in sight,
My whole is a place of learning and light.

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

THE turtle dove is laying. Young broods of greenfinches begin to fly. Partridges are hatched. Frog tadpoles, nearly full grown, are acquiring their forefeet. The meadow brown butterfly, eyed hawk-moth, and six-spot burnet moth appear. The asparagus and rose beetles are seen. Wild chamomile, corn bell-flower, sow thistle, trailing dog-rose, creeping cinquefoil, milk thistle, sweet william, forget-me-

not, water speedwell, bee orchis, marsh thistle, small scabious, fox-glove, sweet briar, and biting stone-crop are in blossom. The ivy casts its leaves. Strawberries are ripe.

Can You Do This?

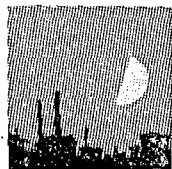
COULD you arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 so that when added up the total would be exactly 100? This seems a very difficult thing to do but it is really quite easy. All you have to do is to arrange the figures in this way:

12
35
46
7
100

See how many of your friends can solve this little puzzle.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, Neptune is in the West, and Mercury is in the North-West. In the morning Venus is in the East and Saturn is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, June 20.



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

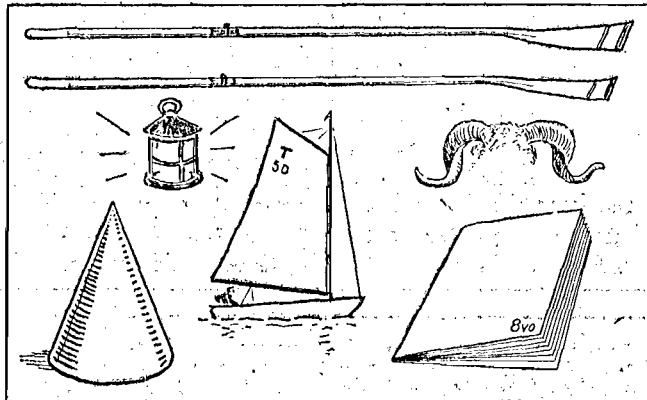
Sharing the Cake
There were 13 children
Tangled Cricketers
Bradman, Woodfull, Darling, Voce, Ames, Paynter.

What Are We? Words

THE C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

M	A	R	T	B	A	B	E	R	A	I	D
R	E	N	T	B	E	A	R	R	E	S	T
A	N	T	D	U	A	L	R	U	N	S	S
T	U	I	T	I	O	N	I	S	T	I	L
E	Q	U	A	I	S	L	E	S	E	A	
T	U	L	E	A	D	O	S	T	A	R	
P	O	E	T	D	I	E	T	D	E	E	D
P	O	S	E	S	T	A	R	T	A	D	S

A Double Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the six words represented by these drawings and write them one under another in such order that the initial and final letters spell something that is learned.

Answer next week

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

JACK LENTON, the station-master's son, was an intelligent boy of 13 who had just joined the Scout Troop in the small town where he lived.

His father was not at all sure that he approved of the idea. At last, however, he gave in, and Jack was enrolled, went to camp, and won a few badges.

But still Mr Lenton found himself wondering sometimes what was the good of it all.

One evening when he came in from work he placed a small suit-case in front of Jack, saying: "We've got a bit of a puzzler at the station, my boy. The 10.15 from Cardington came in with one of its doors open, and this case was lying on the seat. Someone may have fallen out, or they may not. The line

has been searched, but nothing found. Can you tell me anything of the owner from looking at the things in the case?"

Jack spread the articles out on the table, and made a list of them. There was a purse containing 25s, a fountain-pen, a copy of Prior's New Latin Grammar, an unused notebook, a copy of Greek Translation Exercises, a spectacles-case, a box of matches, a paper-covered story book: Red Ikey of Deep Gulch, a snapshot of about twenty boys in school caps outside a ruined abbey, inscribed: Hayley, May 19, a pair of new running shorts, a pen-knife, a roll of camera-film, a pair of football boots, two military hairbrushes with the initials J.H.S., a toothbrush,

a tube of paste, and a pair of striped pyjamas.

Jack studied the list for some time. "It's a school-boy, I should think," he began, "and a fairly big one. The boots and pyjamas and shorts give his size, and, although if you go by these (he pointed to the two classical books) he might be a master, I think a master would be more likely to have a newspaper than this cowboy yarn; and he might also have cigarettes with his matches. He's red-haired, because here's a red hair or two in his brush, and his initials are J.H.S. I'll tell you more in a day or two."

At the end of the week Jack looked up from a letter he had just opened.

Dr MERRYMAN

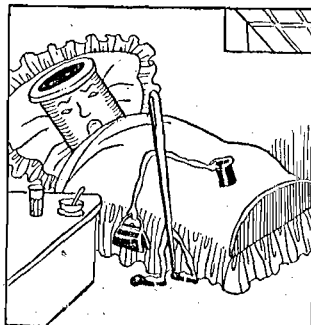
Poor Perspective

THE art editor turned down all the drawings submitted.

"I'm sorry," said the artist, "for I had looked forward to selling some of those to you."

"My dear chap," replied the art editor, "if that is so your perspective must be as bad as that of your drawings."

On the Mend



I'm at breaking point, said Mr Thread, "And I fear I have the flu." "Cheer up!" young Dr Needle said, "And I will pull you through."

A Good Gardener

THEY had been discussing the habit of certain authors who do most of their work at night.

"When does our old friend Scribbler do his best work?" asked A.

"In the daytime," replied B. "That's when he mows the lawn and keeps the garden generally in order."

Improving

BLACK: How is your little girl getting on with her piano practice?

WHITE: Improving wonderfully, thank you. Why, the last tenant in the flat above stayed a whole month.

Without Polish

HINK: Richleigh is a self-made man, you know.

MINK: Yes, and it's obvious that he retired from work too early.

A Good Start

THE eminent financier was talking of his early career.

"Yes," he said, "I started my business life in London with only a shilling in my pocket."

"And may I ask how you invested that, sir?" ventured a keen young listener.

"Yes, my boy," was the reply. "I used it to telegraph home for more money."

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE

"J.H.S. is John Hugh Smeeton," he announced, "a Sixth Form boy at Crowndale. He's in Collington Hospital with a lost memory, after falling from the train, walking to a road, and being picked up by a motorist."

"However do you know all that?" asked his father.

"I looked up Hayley and found it was a ruined abbey in Wales. So I wrote to the caretaker, and found that a party from Crowndale had signed the Visitors Book for May 19. Then I asked the Head if he had a big, short-sighted, red-haired boy whose initials were J.H.S."

"Well, that's splendid!" said his father. "I'm glad you are a Scout, if Scouts do things like that."

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